The Nation

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The Week

It is reassuring to note the growth of sentiment in Congress, at any rate in the House, in favor of taking the short road out and repealing the clause of the Panama act which frees coastwise vessels from Canal tolls. The perception is sharpening on all sides that the thing is nothing more or less than a subsidy. It is not strange that the consistently anti-subsidy Democrats in Congress should feel indignant at the way in which they have been tricked in this matter. Their National Convention at Baltimore was similarly fooled, for somebody smuggled into the platform a plank favoring remission of tolls at Panama. The thing was never discussed, either there or during the campaign, and we presume that Mr. Bryan would be the first to repudiate the binding nature of a party pledge which nobody knew anything about and which was somehow foisted upon his platform committee.

To save money in the wrong place is not a new practice in Congress, and it is not a surprise that the House followed its Committee on Indian Affairs in refusing the request of the Secretary of the Interior regarding the appropriation for hospital, sanitation, and medical work among the red men. The appropriation has been $90,000, but investigation has revealed a much worse set of conditions among the Indians than in the country as a whole. While the percentage of deaths due to pulmonary tuberculosis in the registration area of the United States, which includes twenty-one States, is 11, among the Indians it is 32. The death-rate from all causes among these peoples is above 30, or more than double that in the area noted. These facts led Secretary Fisher to recommend in his annual report that the appropriation for hospital and related work among the Indians should be increased to $405,000. These figures, however, frightened the thrifty members of the House Committee on Indian Affairs, and they declined to add a single cent to the amount at present allowed. It is possible for the Senate to correct this error by amending the Indian Appropriation bill when it comes up for consideration.

Lorimer does not sit in the Senate, but his influence is threatening to keep any one else from sitting there after March 4 as a representative of Illinois. For in order to elect a Senator the Legislature at Springfield must first choose a Speaker of the House and other officers. Nor can the duly elected Governor of the State be inaugurated until this task has been performed, for the Legislature must first canvass the vote on State officers, and it cannot do this until it has organized. Hence two Governors are uneasily waiting at Springfield, and two Senatorships are in the balance, because a score of "Lorimer Democrats" steadfastly refuse to sully their good names by voting for an anti-Lorimer candidate for Speaker. By the patriotic aid of the twenty-five Progressives in the House, one of the Democratic candidates climbed to within eight votes of the goal on the fifty-sixth and fifty-seventh ballots, but this so far is the high-water mark of the contest. A deadlock of a somewhat similar sort was threatened four years ago, when Gov. Deneen, fearing that the House would arbitrarily declare his election void on uninvestigated charges of fraud, and proceed to seat Adlai Stevenson in the Governor's chair, got the friendly Senate to refuse to enter the hall of the House to canvass the vote until an agreement had been made in reference to the methods to be followed in attacking the legality of his election.

Missouri will have struck a mighty blow for pure government as soon as the Legislature at Jefferson City enacts Representative Stark's bill providing that lobbyists employed about the State Capital shall wear a distinctive uniform. After all, the first step in combating any form of disease, private or social, is to isolate it and describe it. It is lurking evil that eats at the vitals of the republic. Put the lobbyists in uniform, and members of the Legislature will shun them like the pest. Pass another law compelling grafters to wear uniforms. For the lobbyists it has been suggested that a brown suit, red cap, and green cravat would be appropriate. The grafters might be compelled to wear white duck as a satiric commentary on their sinful natures. Adopt a series of distinctive garbs for venal newspaper men, government contractors, log-rollers, pension hunters, and the various species and sub-species of reactionaries, and the people of Missouri will henceforth be secure against insidious assaults upon their rights and their liberties. It is the most thorough application yet of the principle of being "shown."

The special message on legislation to correct Stock Exchange abuses, sent by Gov. Sulzer to the New York Legislature, is considerably less drastic in its proposals than there had seemed reason to expect. It suggests, in fact, that the more carefully the Governor has examined the specific proposals for a change the more he has found himself confronted with reasons against hasty and sweeping legislation. He denounces manipulation of prices, undertaken for the purpose of creating fictitious values and tempting the public to buy or sell on such a basis; but he recognizes that the visible methods used to achieve such ends may be hard to distinguish from the methods used, for example, to support the price of a given stock when sudden panic has seized on the present holders of it. He calls attention to certain undoubted evils occasioned in connection with "short selling"; yet he finds it necessary to add that these evils do not arise simply because men offer for sale what they do not at the moment possess, but because they misuse the perfectly normal machinery of sales for future delivery. So even of what seemed to be the central consideration of all—the incorporation of the Stock Exchange.

Nothing is easier than to say, "Charter the Exchange as a corporation, and then let the State insist on obedience to its rules." But observance or non-observance of such rules is a matter surrounded with questions of technical construction. Under the present organization and by-laws of the Stock Ex-

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change, a member is subject to discipline for conduct "detrimental to the interest or welfare of the Exchange." This is a broad and sweeping provision, and it was intended to be so. All conduct which injures the clients of the Exchange is detrimental to its interests, and has always been so interpreted. The governing committee possesses absolute power to decide when a member's conduct is subject to that clause, and to inflict at once the penalty prescribed—from which there is no appeal. Let the Exchange be incorporated, and the offending member may appeal to the courts to construe the nature of his offence. It is doubtful if wrongdoing which lies on the border-line of the prohibitions can be reached at all with the facility now possible, and it is certain that infliction of the penalty will be belated.

By taking much to heart the report of the Joseph Fels Fund Commission about the financing of the single tax movement in large part by one man, the Chicago *Evening Post*, a Progressive organ, comes perilously near lèse-majesté. The report shows that, during three years, the Philadelphia millionaire has given to the cause $115,000, while "all other contributions" have totalled only $60,000. Mr. Fels was not troubled by this, but he and the members of the Commission were alarmed to find that "all other contributions," instead of increasing, have been falling off. In the vernacular adopted by the report, "there has been a disposition to 'let Fels do it.'" Hence there is to be a change. Hereafter, the Commission will furnish money only in amounts equal to those raised in the localities concerned. Thus it hopes to avoid "the pauperization by a rich man of the clearest, most fundamental, most intelligent democratic movement in the history of the world." But what relation can be imagined between this situation among the Single Taxers and that among the Progressives? Yet the Chicago newspaper remarks that "the Progressives can hardly be too democratic in their methods of raising funds, nor too careful about cultivating 'angels' in their movement." We trust that Mr. Perkins and Mr. Munsey will protest against this implied reflection.

Two strikes have been under way in New York city. The number of workers affected by the garment strike has been estimated as well above 150,000, at one time. The number of men affected by the waiters' strike is said to be about four thousand. The garment strike has witnessed several outbreaks of disorder, but none of them has been serious; and considering the vast army of workmen who have now been idle for a number of weeks, the strike may be called a peaceable one. The waiters' strike has been conducted under the auspices of the I. W. W., with emphasis on the picturesque elements of stone-throwing and other forms of that delightfully fascinating new fad, sabotage. The garment strike is well along towards settlement on a basis of substantial gains to the employees. The waiters' strike has collapsed within less than a week. So once more the lesson has been taught and learned that violence as a factor in collective bargaining is disastrous to the cause of labor. The leaders of the I. W. W. come out of their latest adventure with little credit. The tactics by which they are supposed to differ from the old-fashioned trade-unionists have yet to be justified. They won at Lawrence and at Little Falls only through invoking that public sympathy which in theory they affect to despise.

The Birmingham, Ala., *News* prints an amazing table of the homicides in Jefferson County during the last year. From December 29, 1911, to December 29, 1912, there was a murder *every week day in the year!* What other community in the whole civilized world makes so terrible a showing? No mining camp that we are aware of; no wild, debauched frontier settlement can compete with this appalling record. Moreover, it is getting worse. In 1909, 1910, and 1911 there were all told 356 murders; in 1912 there were 306, and 1913 starts off with ten murders in nineteen days, besides eleven deaths from unknown causes. Thus Jefferson County, with 226,476 inhabitants, surpasses even the murder-record of New York City; this one county long since passed the record of annual murders for the entire United Kingdom, including London. A column, says the *News*, could be consumed in analyzing the cause of this horrible record, but the main trouble is that nobody fears the law, which is without majesty in this American community. In 1912 only a single man was executed for murder, and he, needless to say, was a negro. Only three white men were convicted of first-degree murder in 1912, and their cases are still pending on appeal. As for remedies, the *News* can only ask whether, somehow or other, something cannot be done to arouse public opinion.

The punishment to be meted out by the Amateur Athletic Union to James Thorpe, so recently crowned with the title of the world's greatest athlete, partakes of the solemnity of excommunication. Not only are Thorpe's Olympic trophies to be returned to the Swedish authorities for redistribution, but the prizes he has won in this country are to be taken from him, and, worst of all, his records, which to the athlete mean his bid for immortality, are to be expunged from the official lists. It may seem that the penalty, though necessary under the rules, is disproportionate to the offence, if the original nature of Thorpe's transgression be considered, namely, his course in playing summer baseball for money. But Thorpe's real offence consists in his keeping silent regarding his ineligibility under a rule which is well established. Knowing himself to be disqualified for competition at Stockholm, he should have spared us the inevitable criticism which will now be directed against us from quarters where the misdeeds of American athletes are a favorite subject of comment. It required a great deal of effort on the part of fair-minded sportsmen on both sides of the Atlantic to allay the mutual recriminations which broke out here and in Great Britain after the Stockholm games. Now a good deal of the work will have to be done over.

The British protectionists are in a sad plight. They have thrown the "food taxes" overboard, but their rejoicing over that performance is more like the delight that "Hans in Luck" found in his successive bargains than anything else that we can think of. The London *Economist* points out that the *Daily Mail's* placard, "Death of the Food Taxes," is "just what the *Daily News* might have had on the occasion of any Liberal victory during the last nine years," and that the *Mail*, the *Times*, and the *Telegraph* have been ardent advocates of the Chamberlain Imperial Preference policy, of which taxes on foreign food supplies formed the cornerstone. It can be

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but a short time before the "tariff reformers" will find that with that project abandoned their whole stock-in-trade is gone. And this is not only because it will be impossible to make up in the manufacturing centres for the loss of the support of the agricultural interests; it will also be because, apart from special interests, the one argument against free trade for England that has had any weight is the argument that it had been ruinous to agriculture, had cut down the sturdy yeomanry of the country. Well, if free trade had been doing this by simply refusing to protect British agriculture from foreign competition, what shall be said of a policy which, besides refusing that encouragement to agriculture, actually stimulates manufactures by means of protective taxes? It looks as though the time were soon coming when the Unionist party will find as much relief in giving up all that is left of the protectionist programme as it has seemed to find in the abandonment of the food taxes.

Violence as part of British suffragist tactics will be more than ever unwise after the events of the last few days. Mrs. Pankhurst and her associates will maintain that they have been tricked by the Government; but that is a charge which can hardly commend itself to fair-minded men. If the entire proceedings in the House of Commons were simply a bit of elaborate stage setting by Mr. Asquith, who foresaw the Speaker's vital ruling on the Grey amendment to the Franchise bill, then Mr. Asquith must be a stage manager who is willing to pay a pretty steep price in order to obtain his effects. For even with the explicit reservation that the members of the Government were at liberty to take sides in the debate, there was always an element of danger in revealing the existence within the Cabinet of such sharp differences of opinion on any subject as prevails, let us say, between Sir Edward Grey on one side and Lewis Harcourt on the other. The latter's attack on votes for women was so savage that it could not help being something of an attack on the general position of the Cabinet. As such it was welcomed by the Opposition. There is no reason for doubting that the Prime Minister was willing to have the troublesome issue fought out once for all, and that only the Speaker's ruling threw the question of woman suffrage, as well as the original problems involved in the Franchise bill, out of court.

LONDON, January 23.—Board of Trade regulations issued to-day, to become operative on March 1, provide that British seagoing ships shall carry lifeboats and life-saving appliances for all on board.

This is of course due to the Titanic disaster. But why did the British Government's Board of Trade let matters drift until a calamity occurred so terrible as to arouse the attention of the whole civilized world? We shall not attempt to explain. But if we were to adopt the methods current nowadays for the explanation of everything that is wrong in the world, we should say offhand that it is due to the heartlessness of capital, the utter disregard of the needs of the poor by those who are in the high places of the world, the failure to recognize that all men are brothers, the putting of the rich man's dollar above the poor man's life. However, seeing that a couple of hundred men lost their lives on the Titanic who had paid high prices for its luxurious accommodations, there must be a screw loose somewhere in that explanation; and seeing that probably not a soul of them made any inquiry about the lifeboats, and that the same has been true of thousands and thousands of rich men who have been crossing the ocean all these years, we are forced to the conclusion that when things in this world are not what they should be, the cause is not always to be found in stony-hearted wickedness.

The manifold and far-reaching effects of the Balkan War will call for frequent comment from now on. One feature that may be already pointed out is that the present happy state of affairs reflects great credit on the diplomacy of Sir Edward Grey. It was from the British Foreign Minister that the suggestion came of a conference of ambassadors that should be prepared to stand by and render assistance to the peace plenipotentiaries in case of distress. In the last resort it would be, of course, the will of the Powers that would determine the broad outlines upon which peace was made. But it is plain that if there had been no parallel series of negotiations among the representatives of the Powers in London, the break between the Balkan allies and Turkey over the question of Adrianople would have brought about a much severer crisis than actually resulted. Valuable time would have been lost in bringing the European Governments together upon a common plan of action, and in the complicated interchange of views among so many capitals the chances of misunderstanding and headlong action would have been multiplied. As it was, the London peace conference was virtually a joint session of the official peace plenipotentiaries and of the representatives of the Powers. In this specific matter British diplomacy has acquitted itself with conspicuous credit.

The most romantic figure of contemporary history comes from the land of Aladdin, Sindbad, and Ali Baba. The career of Enver Bey is romantic, not after the modern habit we have of speaking of the romance of science, of bridge-building, and of the glucose products. It is romance of the old-fashioned, heart-thrilling kind, in which youth slays monsters and is rewarded with the hands of beautiful princesses, and dons secret disguises and rides into the face of death on a white charger, and wins the cheering adoration of the multitude. In the summer of 1908, two young Turkish officers, stationed at Monastir, raised the flag of revolt against Abdul Hamid and took to the mountains. The two officers were Niazi Bey and Enver Bey. The former has gone back into honorable obscurity. The latter has remained the darling of fate. When the counter-revolution broke out in Constantinople, Enver Bey was with the army which marched upon the capital under the command of Shefket Pasha. When the Constitution was reëstablished under a new Sultan, a niece of the royal house was given to Enver Bey for his bride. He went to Berlin as military attaché. When the war in Tripoli broke out it was Enver Bey who was sent to Africa to rouse the enthusiasm of the Turkish troops waging a hopeless fight against the Italians. Last week came the crowning chapter in a career of romantic glory. To lead a handful of mutineers against the palace of the Ministers, and, pistol in hand, to secure the resignation of a Cabinet and the possible reversal of a policy that may affect the welfare of two continents—for a parallel to this scene one must almost go back to Paris and the early days of one Buonaparte.

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SECRETARY KNOX'S NOTE.

Secretary Knox's reply to the protest of the British Government, in the matter of the Panama tolls, assumes an air of mild wonder what the fuss is all about. We haven't done anything yet. The act of Congress, to be sure, authorizes the exemption of our coastwise vessels from Canal tolls, but they are not yet, in fact, exempted. One would almost expect the Secretary, in pursuance of this line of argument, to point out that the Canal is not yet finished, and perhaps never may be; that our ships may all sink before reaching the entrance; and that possibly they may not accept the remission of tolls even if it is offered. The whole drift of Secretary Knox's note is that of avoidance. He insists that the issue is not yet raised. If British shipping is ever, in reality, discriminated against by our Canal regulations, then it will be time enough to inquire into the facts and submit the matter to arbitration. Congress has the power to violate the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, if it pleases, but has not yet done so, according to Mr. Knox, by any overt and concrete act; so why not wait till it does?

So far Philander C. Knox, Secretary of State. But not in this way reasoned Philander C. Knox, Attorney-General, when he urged the Supreme Court to dissolve the Northern Securities Company, on the ground, not that it had actually suppressed railway competition or had raised rates, but that it had acquired for itself the *power* to do so. In the Government brief, whereon the name of Philander C. Knox stands first, the Court was asked to strike down, before it was exercised, "the power to operate the roads in harmony and stifle competition." At that time it was the counsel for the Northern Securities Company who argued as Secretary Knox does now. They had not done anything yet. Why not wait till they did? But the Attorney-General and the Supreme Court would not hearken to that. A dangerous power had been asserted, and it must be denied and destroyed *in limine*. It was enough then for Mr. Knox that the "direct and necessary effect" of the assumption of power showed what its purpose was, and proved that it must be grappled with before it had been actually exercised.

We do not deny that Secretary Knox's note in rejoinder to Sir Edward Grey is adroitly written. It is the plea of a skilled lawyer. But it is, when all is said, a plea in avoidance. It does not meet the main issue squarely. Nothing but preliminaries and contingencies does it deal with. We do not say that it is a sparring for time, but one cannot help suspecting that Mr. Knox will experience a certain relief in being able to turn over the actual merits of the controversy to his successor in office. Whoever the next Secretary of State may be, we hope he will not adopt one position that Mr. Knox rather absurdly takes in this note. He speaks of the extraordinarily generous treatment of the world's shipping by the United States in the scale of tolls fixed for the use of the Panama Canal. We are to charge $1.25 a ton. But that rate will not suffice to pay interest and the cost of upkeep. Hence, says Mr. Knox, our Government will really be "in the position of subsidizing foreign vessels." The Secretary is astonished at our own moderation. We might have charged, he seems to think, $3 or $5 a ton, and then what would foreign ships have done? The answer is that they would have given the Canal a wide berth. Prof. Emory Johnson's estimates and calculations pointed out from the first that there was a point in the tolls above which the Canal would repel traffic. The rate fixed was believed to be all that the traffic would bear; and for Mr. Knox to plume himself on our not having made it much higher is a bit ridiculous.

What one misses in the Secretary's note is, not only a resolute meeting of the real question in debate, but the evidence of any deep moral and patriotic feeling in reference to the complaint that the nation has been guilty of sharp practice. He discusses the possibility of Congress and the President violating a solemn treaty as coolly as if it were a question of ignoring a municipal ordinance. Yet precisely this sense of humiliation and resentment at the thought that Congress has put the country in an attitude of bad faith, has caused all the agitation and evoked the protests from the best men in the land. It was this feeling of hurt national honor that moved so ordinarily impassive a man as Senator Root to express himself with so much passion in his speech in the Senate. Such intensity of language would, of course, be out of place in a diplomatic note, but room ought to have been found for something of the sentiment inspiring Mr. Root's words. And his absolutely unanswerable argument for arbitration of the matters in controversy, in case the act of Congress giving rise to them is not repealed, comes very much nearer, we are convinced, to representing the real opinion of the people than do Mr. Knox's guarded and qualified offers. Said Senator Root:

> I realize, sir, that I may be wrong. I have often been wrong. I realize that the gentlemen who have taken a different view regarding the meaning of this treaty may be right. I do not think so. But their ability and fairness of mind would make it idle for me not to entertain the possibility that they are right and I am wrong. Yet, Mr. President, the question whether they are right and I am wrong depends upon the interpretation of the treaty.
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> Gentlemen say the question of imposing tolls or not imposing tolls upon our coastwise commerce is a matter of our concern. Ah! we have made a treaty about it. If the interpretation of the treaty is as England claims, then it is not a matter of our concern; it is a matter of treaty rights and **duties.**
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> Sir, we have another treaty, made between the United States and Great Britain on the 4th of April, 1908, in which the two nations have agreed as follows:
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> "Differences which may arise of a legal nature or relating to the interpretation of treaties existing between the two contracting parties, and which it may not have been possible to settle by diplomacy, shall be referred to the Permanent Court of Arbitration, established at The Hague by the convention of the 29th of July, 1899, provided, nevertheless, that they do not affect the vital interests, the independence, or the honor of the two contracting states, and do not concern the interests of third parties."
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> We are bound, by this treaty of arbitration, not to stand with arrogant assertion upon our own Government's opinion as to the interpretation of the treaty, not to require that Great Britain shall suffer what she deems injustice by violation of the treaty, or else go to war. We are bound to say, "We keep the faith of our treaty of arbitration, and we will submit the question as to what this treaty means to an impartial tribunal of arbitration."

Secretary Knox does not shut the door on arbitration. But his references to it are hedging and temporizing. His note, in general, is of an evasive spirit. It merely stops a gap. It does not pierce to the centre.

SIMPLICITY AT WASHINGTON.

Woodrow Wilson's objection to the Inaugural Ball seemed to be chiefly due to the expense, and the injury done to the public service by the use of the Pension Building. In announcing that he should not go to Washington in a special car,

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and should stay at a hotel, like any other citizen, until he entered the White House, he was, it is true, but following precedent. Yet taking these things in connection with his refusal to accept Mr. Taft's offer of a Government vessel to carry him to Panama, we cannot but hope that this foretells a desire on Mr. Wilson's part to observe while President true democratic simplicity. That would be in accord with his attitude hitherto. As president of Princeton, he was modest, unassuming, and accessible; as Governor of New Jersey, his door has been open to all who had legitimate business with him, and nothing that savored of fuss and feathers, or display, military or civil, has been in evidence.

To foreigners accustomed to elaborate European court ceremonial, the White House often appears to be the expression of a perhaps austere republicanism. Yet to those who recall the President's residence in the days of Mr. and Mrs. Grover Cleveland, there has been a marked change. At that time there was no large staff of army and navy officers in uniform in attendance at receptions, with the chief duty of telling the women guests to stand when the President entered or left the room. Servants in livery were lacking, and guards were few; but if there was a touch possibly of the *bourgeois*, the very simplicity of it all could but impress visitors profoundly, notably those from abroad. We have in mind a distinguished German, familiar with all the courts of Europe, who, in company with a well-known citizen, found his way to Mr. Cleveland's office without previous appointment, after being challenged only by the doorkeeper and the secretary. True, the American who went with him was well-known to the White House and Mr. Cleveland. But the absence of uniforms and flunkeys, of ceremonial of every kind, was what astounded this foreign visitor. Nothing else in all America so impressed him with the fact that here was a great and true democracy. All the glitter of the Viennese court faded in comparison.

Since then the work of the President has enormously increased, and his responsibilities as well. There must be more attendants at the White House and more secretaries. But to-day, as in 1885, no amount of gold lace, of liveries, of military show, can magnify this office, or is needed to add to its dignity. Nothing can be so impressive as lack of affectation in men who carry the heaviest governmental burdens of the world. Mr. Wilson will find opportunities to check here and there dangerous tendencies. Under Mr. Roosevelt began a serious abuse—the misuse of vessels of the navy. Without warrant of law, three ships were maintained for the use of the President, his family, and the Secretary of the Navy—the Mayflower, the Sylph, and the Dolphin. To those who recalled the abuse heaped upon Mr. Cleveland for going off on the Dolphin, or one of the lighthouse tenders, on a week-end fishing trip, the indifference to the Rooseveltian policy was nothing less than amazing. If the President is to have a yacht, Congress should appropriate for it. Then we should not have our Presidents setting an example of lawlessness, and the navy would not be deprived of the services of officers and men who are needed on the fighting ships of the service, for whose manning there is an annual demand for more men and more officers.

Mr. Taft has gone even further than Mr. Roosevelt, in that he has used for his trips to Panama both battleships and cruisers. The regulations require that officers shall not take aboard any women passengers; but the commander-in-chief, to whom all look to set an example of obedience to law, has ignored it, and has not hesitated to withdraw ships from their regular duties. Meanwhile, the Mayflower has been tied up at the dock in Washington, her officers paid for sea service, and her chief use has been for teas and dinner dances, or occasionally she goes to sea with an inspection board of army and navy officers.

To some all this may seem a small matter when the Government is spending billions; in reality, it is important, for every example of this kind, by the man at the head, is the excuse for junketing or petty grafting by those below him in the service. Congress now appropriates handsomely for the President's travelling expenses; yet we trust that Mr. Wilson will draw on this fund most sparingly. Mr. Taft's travelling record is such that no one can rival him. Nothing, we are sure, has injured him more than his incessant moving about. Mr. Wilson will surely enhance the dignity of his office if he sticks to the White House and has people come to him, and makes so few speeches that each and every one will be a notable event certain to attract the widest possible attention.

To one matter in connection with the Presidency Congress might well devote its attention. A simple summer home in some cool region might well be purchased. Governor Wilson will plainly miss the summer headquarters the State of New Jersey provides at Sea Girt. But here, too, no grand mansion nor vast estate is needed. With all the idle people of wealth now crowding into Washington as winter residents—it is said that there are now three classes of multi-millionaires there: those from Pittsburgh, the South African, and all the others—there never was a better opportunity for the President of the United States to set a noble example of dignified, simple living.

ROOSEVELT AND THE IDAHO CASE.

Both before and since the election Mr. Roosevelt has had hard things to say of the Supreme Court of Idaho. Its action in holding some local editors for contempt, he fiercely denounced. But he had previously used language fully as severe in speaking of its decision of an election case last October. With the contempt proceedings we have here no concern. The judges may or may not have been wise in haling newspaper railers to court. But the other matter is still important. From Mr. Roosevelt's savage expressions many people got the idea that the Idaho Supreme Court had been guilty of a high-handed judicial outrage. Few people seemed to know what the facts were. We had the curiosity to send for the complete record of the case, and a reading of it enables one to see what justification, or absence of it, there was for Mr. Roosevelt's scarification of the Court.

Let us begin with his restrained and judicial characterization of the action of the Idaho judges. On October 12, 1912, he issued a statement at Chicago, in which he said it was "impossible to protest too strongly against what is literally the infamy of this decision." It was "utterly reactionary conduct by a reactionary court," and was "absolutely without warrant of law." Furthermore, it was "an attempt to beat the cause by trickery and chicanery." "The decision

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was against the law, against equity, against justice, and against the whole course of decisions in all our American courts."

So much for Mr. Roosevelt's poetry; now for the prosaic facts. Under the laws of Idaho there are three ways in which candidates may be nominated for office so as to be entitled to a place on the official ballot. One is by the direct primary of a "political party," in case the latter at the last previous election cast at least 10 per cent. of the total vote of the State. Under this there is no possible claim for the Progressive party; it did not cast any votes at all at the last preceding election. The second method is by Convention of "any organization of electors," if such a Convention be held on the same day that the direct primary election occurs. That was July 30, last year, and on that day a sort of Progressive Convention was held at St. Anthony. But it was really a mass meeting, called explicitly to organize the Progressive party in Idaho, and to send delegates to the Chicago Convention of August 5. The Idaho court held that this St. Anthony "convention" was not one within the meaning of the statute; but it is immaterial whether it was or not, for no attempt was made to file a ticket as coming from that body. The sole reliance of the Idaho Progressives was upon the third method of making nominations, and that is by petition. An effort on their part to get their nominees for Congress and for Presidential electors upon the official ballot as named by petition, was what the Supreme Court frustrated by its decision.

Now, what was the law relating to nomination by petition, and what were the facts? The law provides that candidates may be nominated by petition, provided the requisite number is obtained of signatures—variously prescribed for different offices—of qualified electors who have not joined in the nomination of any other person for the same office. But here comes the crux of the case. The Idaho statute relating to nominations by petition contemplated only "State offices." It did so by general description and also by specific detail—so many signatures for this office, so many for the other. For the nomination of Congressmen and Presidential electors the Idaho laws made other provision. They could not come under the section covering nomination by petition, unless they were "State officers." The Progressives, in their desperate legal straits, gravely contended that Congressmen and Presidential electors were, in fact, State officers; but the Court had no difficulty in showing that law and Constitution and precedent were dead against that contention—Roosevelt, justice, to the contrary notwithstanding. To quote the language of the unanimous decision of the Idaho Supreme Court:

> Having treated "candidates for Congress" throughout the direct primary election law and statutes of the State as separate and distinct offices, which they are, from "State offices," and then having omitted candidates for Congress and Presidential electors from section 385 of the statute, which authorizes nomination for State offices by petition, it is evident that the Legislature has not intended to authorize the nomination of candidates for Presidential electors and members of Congress by petition. . . . The rule is too well recognized and understood everywhere to even require repetition that "the expression of one thing is the exclusion of another."

On the basis of that exposition of the law of Idaho, the Supreme Court ruled that the Progressive nominations by petition for State offices should be placed on the official ballot, but that the nominations for Congress and for Presidential electors should not.

The Supreme Court of Idaho did not say whether it thought the law wise or foolish. It merely pointed out in a long and calm opinion what was the necessary intendment of the statute. It is not probable that Roosevelt had ever read the Idaho election laws. It is certain that he had not read the full text of the decision of the Court which he branded as "outrageous," for it was not printed until after his Chicago explosion. What happened in Idaho was very like what happened in California. The sudden organization of its Progressive party, a thing never contemplated by the lawmakers, revealed defects in the election statutes. In Idaho they operated, under interpretation by the courts, against the Progressives, and Mr. Roosevelt screamed about the frightful injustice. In California, as interpreted by the judges, they operated against the Republicans, and Roosevelt had never a word to say. As for the Idaho case, the plain tale of the law and the facts and the reasoning of the courts is all that is necessary to show how ill informed Mr. Roosevelt was, as well as how reckless, cruel, and incendiary.

A SISYPHUS AMONG THE SCIENCES.

There is something pathetic in the delight with which Psychical Researchers have greeted the acceptance, by one of our leading universities, of an endowment of $10,000 to promote the studies they have at heart. They do not hope for much from the work to be done with the modest income of this foundation, but they prize the respectability that is expected to come from the recognition thus accorded to their aspirations for a place in the scientific world. It may seem cruel to question the soundness of this expectation. But surely there is no magic power in a university charter to effect what a generation of countenance and support by a number of men of great intellectual eminence has been unable to compass. The name of Henry Sidgwick alone, as the first president of the Society for Psychical Research—not to mention notable associates—was far more calculated to give standing to its work than any mere official act of acceptance of a fund could be; and even more to the purpose was the high character of the reports and discussions in the early years of the Society, among which those of Mrs. Sidgwick are particularly worthy of mention. A large number of persons who had previously refused to take questions of spiritualism or mind-reading or the like seriously, felt that at last a proper attempt was made to deal with them.

Well, thirty years have gone by, and where does the Society stand? Has it commanded growing interest, or won increasing appreciation of its labors? Quite the contrary. Outside the circle of those who are addicted to anything that smacks of the supernatural, the reports of the Society for Psychical Research attract almost no attention; people have given up looking for anything conclusive, either positive or negative, in its proceedings. And the reason is plain enough. There is one mark of scientific vitality which it requires no special study and no special skill to recognize—the mark of cumulative achievement. Where there is a genuine kernel of truth, and many eager and earnest minds are at work in developing it, we find an addition here, a correction there, a new method or a new instrument introduced, sources of error at first troublesome gradually removed,

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the goal of yesterday made the starting-point of to-morrow. The process may be slow, there may be painful setbacks; but there is the sense that something is building up, that we are not everlastingly compelled to begin at the beginning. And after thirty years of respectable and patient work by many highly intelligent persons, Psychical Research is, in a scientific sense, precisely where it was at the beginning. There is, to be sure, an enormous mass of detached observations, and of records of remembered or alleged experience; but no part of this mass stands out as a solid residuum, a starting-point for future work.

The chief difficulties under which the Psychical Researchers labor are easily named. In the first place, they alone among the cultivators of science, or of would-be science, are continually confronted with the necessity of guarding against fraud. Secondly, in this inherently difficult task they handicap themselves by submitting to conditions which make the discovery of fraud still more difficult. These conditions they regard as imposed by the nature of the phenomena they are studying, for the precautions necessary to complete surveillance are supposed to hinder the phenomena from taking place; but if this be true, it is most unfortunate, since the hard-headed man of science will prefer the simpler hypothesis that what is prevented from taking place is not the alleged phenomena but the frauds to which their appearance is due. But possibly all this might not be fatal were it not for a third circumstance. Even in the standard sciences, it is essential to the firm establishment of anything new to the science that the experience on which it is based be capable of exact repetition by any competent observer or experimenter; but the experiences of the Psychical Researchers, though having to make head against a tremendous presumption of fraud or malobservation, never get themselves strengthened by this kind of repetition.

It is easy, however, to account for the state of mind of those Psychical Researchers who have become convinced of the reality of the "supernormal" phenomena. When they witness a "supernormal" phenomenon against the production of which by fraud or illusion a great deal of precaution has been taken, they are impressed with the feeling that the probability of any actual fraud or illusion is very small; and they fail to balance this antecedent improbability against the incomparably greater antecedent improbability of the phenomenon being genuine. As a matter of fact, the first probability is by no means extremely small, as witnessed by the undisputed fact that a very considerable proportion of experiences held at the time to be convincing by observers as good as any now at work, were afterwards demonstrated to be the result of fraud or illusion. But, so far from reckoning this probability as one in ten, or one in a hundred, or one in a thousand even, many Researchers are apt in practice to think of it as absolutely zero. Dr. Ivor Tuckett, writing in *Bedrock*, neatly turns against them a phrase coined by the man who has done more than any one else in recent years to keep alive the Psychical Research movement, when he says that any noticeable manifestation by them of "the will to believe" must operate as a disastrous diminisher of the weight of their testimony. And when we add that we are constantly treated to exhibitions of credulity, ranging all the way from Sir Oliver Lodge's firm belief in "the movement of a distant chair, visible in the moonlight, under circumstances such as to satisfy me that there was no direct mechanical connection," to the stories cropping up periodically about knives or violins flying through the room, or the spirit of William James talking rubbish to a Researcher, it is easy to see why the attempt to gain for Psychical Research a respectable standing has been like the task of Sisyphus.

WHAT DO WE READ FOR?

"Our magazines," wrote the librarian of a college fraternity recently, "are chosen to meet the demands of college men for information in the lines of work in which they are engaged, or else to form reading for recreation purposes." This idea that the ends of reading may be comprehended under a sharp division between information and recreation is not the possession of students alone, but is held and preached by some, at least, of those who are officially in charge of education. A State high-school inspector in the Middle West took pains a while ago to impress it upon a gathering of city school superintendents, and also to point out some of its practical consequences. The one kind of reading, he remarked, is illustrated by that which the lawyer does in his office when he goes over the law and the precedents, the doctor when he turns the pages of his medical works, the merchant when he studies the outlook for prices, the housekeeper when she takes up an unfamiliar recipe. All such reading has one common characteristic—it is purely intellectual:

> These people neither laugh nor cry over what they read; but slowly and carefully, word by word, sentence by sentence, and paragraph by paragraph, they master the thought. Every possible meaning must be read into every word of the law, or the lawyer may lose his case; if the housekeeper reads two instead of three spoonfuls, the cooking will be a failure; and the farmer may incur a positive loss if the statements of the article are not thoroughly understood.

The other kind of reading is of a very different nature. It is emphatically emotional, and because of this immense difference "we turn to it as a relief and a rest when the mind is thoroughly tired" by the effort required by the first kind.

Now, as most literature, strictly so called, is strongly infused with emotion, the logical consequence of this analysis is extremely unfortunate, for any reading to which one turns as a relief when the mind is thoroughly tired will fail of its purpose if it makes any heavy intellectual demand, and accordingly "literature" becomes synonymous with "light reading." We see the same tendency carried to even greater lengths in the drama, where the great motive is frankly "entertainment." What room is there, then, for the book which, although intellectual, does not deal with law or medicine or theology or agriculture, and although emotional and imaginative, cannot be read as a relief and a rest when the mind is thoroughly tired? Well, for such a book there is no room—except, to be sure, in the colleges, which do not count, and in the outworn curricula of our high schools, where, according to the inspector already quoted, the matter is one deserving more attention than it is receiving. We have thus a very modern evolution of De Quincey's literature of Power into a literature of Relaxation.

As this officer sees it, there is a simple yet fundamental principle by which our pedagogical authorities should be guided in this field. It is this: "What

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are the best people of the community reading?" The most we can hope, he adds, is that our boys and girls will read "about the same" after they leave school. Are these people, then—to put the question more specifically—reading the classics of our school lists, or are they reading the books and magazines of to-day? Here is the answer, and its corollary: "If, as is no doubt the case, it is the latter, we should certainly be giving a large place (I do not say the entire place) to the study and reading of current literature." We hope that lovers of the classics will be duly appreciative of the courtesy of that parenthesis—so long as it is suffered to remain. But the pressing duty is clear:

> The young people should know something of the great magazines and of the kind of reading matter which may be expected in each. . . . A training which will lead the young people to select healthful standards and influential magazines is absolutely necessary if we are to train for the best citizenship.

One would think that, with current literature forming the predominant part of parents' reading, pupils might be trusted to absorb sufficient knowledge about it at home. One might even hazard the notion that the standard of reading in a community, particularly a comparatively new community, might not be the ultimate standard for the schools of that community. Why should not the school have the ambition to refine and broaden the literary taste of the growing generation, however unflattering the result to the sensibilities of the "best people" of the older generation—if, indeed, they were not the first to welcome the advance? But this is to talk like one who does not know the difference between intellectual reading and reading to which one turns as a relief and a rest when the mind is thoroughly tired.

The gravest aspect of this whole position is perceived only when it is realized that English is, for the mass of pupils, the one definite source of culture. Latin has been virtually banished, Greek they never had, and history is taught more and more as a kind of science, with emphasis upon sources and facts, rather than upon the human element in it. And now we are told that in English, too, the classics are in the way of the moderns. It is apparently necessary to begin at the bottom, and to ask what an education, what reading is for. Milton had the idea that a great book was something more than an intellectual or an emotional product, or even a combination of the two. To him, it was "the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life." This would remain true, were every teacher of English as inadequate for his task as some of them must be confessed to be—would remain, that is, if it had been true in the first place; for, alas, the "Areopagitica" is but a classic.

DANTE'S "NEW LIFE."

Il gran teologo—the great theologian—the early commentator who so described Dante was after all nearest the truth. From first to last Dante was a student and declarer of the word of God. If as artist in words he proclaimed himself apprentice of Virgil, as apostle of the Word he draws over and over again analogy between himself, follower of Beatrice, and St. Paul, follower of Christ. If Beatrice were *merely* the Florentine maid and later matron, of whom Boccaccio tells, so to liken service of her with service of Christ would seem an extravagance; Dante, I think, would have held it a blasphemy. But if we substitute for Beatrice that which he tells us plainly her name signifies, *blessedness*, all incongruity ceases.

That blessedness, fulfilled in the vision of God, is the theme of the "Divine Comedy" no one doubts. It is the regulative ideal behind the argument of the "Essay on Monarchy" and of the "Banquet." There are, Dante tells us in the former work, two ends set for mankind, to wit, earthly blessedness, attainable by man under the guidance of philosophy followed in the peace maintained by God's temporal vicar, the Emperor; and heavenly blessedness, attainable by man hereafter, but here meditated in the light of things revealed according to the sanction of God's spiritual vicar, the Pope, and pursued with faith, hope, and charity. And the Wisdom, which is the theme of the "Banquet," is likewise twofold, that which is of the intelligence of man, philosophy, guiding to earthly blessedness, and that which is of the intelligence of God, theology, guiding to heavenly blessedness. In other words, the way to earthly blessedness lies in the fulfilment of the moral virtues in the active life, the way to heavenly blessedness lies in the fulfilment of the theological virtues—faith, hope, and charity—in the contemplative life; and in proportion as heavenly blessedness transcends earthly, so the contemplative life transcends the active. And again, the avowed purpose of the "Treatise on Vernacular Eloquence" is to pattern a fit garment of words and music for high themes of "salvation, love, and virtue"—for the "poetry of God," as Boccaccio finely defines theology. For by love Dante here intends no vain and amatorious passion, but charity, the love of God which is the joy of blessedness.

Now if through all Dante's other writings so runs this one theme of man's quest of blessedness, might we not reasonably listen for some accent of it in his "New Life," the very title of which seems to imply a regeneration, a conversion—a "being born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the word of God"? And the expectation is heightened when we find Dante at once calling Beatrice his "beatitude" (*beatitudo, beatitudine*), or blessedness. Indeed, remembering his play on the names Giovanna and Primavera, we may well surmise that he either chose the name Beatrice outright, or at least preferred it to its corruption Bice, for its etymological kinship to beatitude.

Of course, many have suspected allegorical intent in the "New Life"—sometimes with singular results, as when Dante Gabriel Rossetti, convinced that Beatrice stood for the Empire, anagrammatized the *Amore* of the "New Life" into *Amo Re*, "I love the king." In general, I believe, these interpreters have accepted the issue that, if the "New Life" be an allegory, Beatrice cannot have been a real person, and so Dante's love-story must be a mere fiction. Now that is a distinctly distasteful idea. We should lose perhaps our last truly *grande passion*, that dearest idol of the tribe of sensibility. Signor Carducci, probably head of the present school of interpretation of the "New Life," challenges doubt of Dante's real love for a real girl called Beatrice with the same knightly heat as Warton put into his defence of the truth of Surrey's love for Geraldine, or Grosart of Spenser's love for Rosalind, or Swinburne of Shakespeare's love for the Dark Lady. Who dare say that much learning cools the heart?

Fortunately, the issue is a false one. Beatrice may have been real, and Dante's youthful love in earnest (whatever one means by that), and yet the experience as recorded in the "New Life" be allegorized.

There are indeed some apparent objections. The "New Life" consists of thirty-one poems connected by prose, partly narrative, partly expository. The poems were not written for the work, but occasionally and at different times. Moreover, many of them, by themselves, convey no hint of allegorical intention. But the design of the work as a whole may appear in the separate parts as much and as little as the design of a mosaic in the separate pieces of colored stone or glass that compose it. These are so chosen and fitted as to bring out the design. Similarly, having

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later realized the providential *design* in his experience of love, Dante may have chosen from a not inconsiderable body of love-poems those which could fairly bring out that design. For Dante and scholastic thinking generally, the "moving cause" of anything is its final cause. If from profane love he had been led by purifying stages to holy love, some glimmer of holy love must have been present, though at the time not recognized, even in profane love. So precisely Beatrice tells him in paradise (v, 7-12). And if this redeeming somewhat was present in the actual experience, it should appear in his record of the experience; or if in his then blindness he had failed to indicate it, he had the right later to inread or insert it.

The second objection is that Dante in the "Banquet" (I, i, 111 *et seq.*) calls his "New Life" more "fervid and impassioned" than the "Banquet." But Dante's actual contrast is drawn between the two works in respect not to meaning but to method. Having said that in the "Banquet" the "viands," or passionately expressed odes, are to be made digestible for the mind by "bread" of allegorical interpretation, he adds: "And if in the present work [the 'Banquet'] . . . the handling be more virile than in the 'New Life,' I do not intend thereby to throw a slight in any respect upon the latter, but rather to strengthen that by this." Now how, it may in deference be asked, may the "New Life" in any way be "strengthened" by the allegorical interpretations of the "Banquet" unless at least in principle these apply? To my indifferent understanding the alleged objection to allegory in the "New Life" appears rather to be a fairly clear hint from Dante himself not only that there is allegorical design in the "New Life," but that it is in accord with that of the "Banquet" itself.

Other objections might be met—such as that Dante was too young or too ignorant at the time he composed the "New Life" to carry through a progressive philosophical allegory. In other words, the "first friend" of Guido Cavalcanti, subtle metaphysician and author of an allegorical ode on Love unexhausted by generations of commentators, was too ignorant of the first principles of accepted Catholic doctrine to present them under the color of a real or feigned love-story. For that, and only that, is what I hold that he did. And, again, the same man who, as we are told, could not at thirty do thus much in spite of the incentives of literary fashion and personal emulation, yet could within fifteen years conceive and flawlessly execute the most learnedly comprehensive and subtly intricate allegory ever written.

Apart, however, from all antecedent probability, the final test of any allegorical interpretation is whether or not it works. Assuming provisionally that we are justified in looking for a continuous allegory in the "New Life," can we find it? I think we can. Entire convincingness, however, follows rather from cumulative detail than from any general consideration, and cumulative detail is impossible within the plan of the present article. I here merely outline an interpretation for the consideration of Dante readers, reserving fuller and more technical exposition for a more appropriate place.

On its face, the "New Life" tells the story of a purification by successive stages of Dante's love of Beatrice. In the dramatic design there is obvious symmetry. The central event is Beatrice's death; and on either side of that there is a striking parallelism in the action. For nine years the young Dante worships the living Beatrice from afar, mute and unrecognized. Then she deigns to greet him; and in her *salute*, or "salutation," he says, he sees his "blessedness," and is filled with the spirit of "charity." With the best of intentions, however, he turns his outward attentions to another lady, gentle and very pleasing, as "a screen of the truth." This unreal worship continues for "some months and years," until the lady leaves Florence, when for the same reasons he gives his heart to another. And so verisimilar is his devotion towards this second "screen" that Beatrice, scandalized, denies her salutation. Dejected by the loss of her grace, Dante in a vision is counselled by Love to abjure "shadows" (*simulacra*) of the "love which is nobleness," and to confess his true love, Beatrice. And Love weeps for the present degradation of his servant. But in vain Dante sues for grace. Beatrice and her ladies only "mock" him. At last he is racked by a "battle of thoughts," some humbly urging the beneficence of his love, others stubbornly objecting its humiliations and apparent hopelessness. But at last, attaining the spirit of renunciation, no longer suing for her grace, he resolves to seek a blessedness that cannot fail him in contemplating and praising her; and gradually he finds it. Indeed, disciplined at last to this novel kind of love, he finds it no longer bitter, but "sweet" to his heart; and is so happy in the "grace" of Beatrice's ennobling beauty, that his heart cries for "more grace" (*più salute*).

Instead, apparently, the source of his blessedness is dried up. Beatrice dies. He has lost, it seems, the grace of her beauty forever. And so in his forlornness, he accepts lovingly the consolation of another lady. Again, his intentions are good. The Consoling Lady is so gentle, so like the lost Beatrice in color and demeanor; "noblest love," he assures himself, must abide with her. But the expected peace does not come; rather he is torn by a new "battle of thoughts," some justifying his earthly consolation, some declaring it most "base" as faithless to Beatrice. Again, by a vision—this time of Beatrice, very likeness of the Love who before had appeared—Dante is shamed from his shadow-love, and in agony of penitence professes once more and for always only Beatrice. And in reward he receives in a vision again the sustaining grace of her visible presence in that higher life where he may yet see her face to face.

Now, I dare say the reader of this summary of the story may think at once of Rossetti's "Blessed Damozel" wooing humanly her lover to her side, or of Goethe's tender-hearted Gretchen humanly pleading with the Virgin for her erring lover. He may find in the "New Life" only that idealization of womanly influence for good so familiar to us after the pseudo-platonism of the Renaissance and of the romanticists summed in Goethe's now hackneyed lines—

> Das Ewig-weibliche
> Zieht uns hinan.

But to Dante, I think, that romantic sentiment would have appeared preposterous. For his philosophy and that of his school woman was simply inferior or unfinished man. His master, Guinicelli, feigning himself rebuked by God himself for finding semblance of Him in "vain love" of woman and directing to her praise due to Him and the Virgin, makes the excuse that the lady's "angel face" was merely a reminder of the divine beauty. In fact, the excellence of any of God's handiwork might have served—the beauty of the stars, for instance. Indeed, in the "Banquet" Dante, following also Aquinas, says as much (III, ii, 50 *et seq. Cf.* Aquinas, *Comm. I Cor.*, xiii, 4). Now the highest excellence under heaven is human reason, and it is precisely in defect of reason that woman is, according to Dante, inferior to man; he explicitly denies her even "virtue," so far as that is the operation not of "a certain estimable emotion" but of reason. It would be obviously absurd, then, for man, superior in his highest faculty, to suffer himself to be led anywhere by woman, his inferior in just that faculty. I think it is safe to say that for Dante it was not Beatrice the woman who drew him "upward and on,"—even if there was a woman called Bice whom he loved.

But suppose, granted her existence, that her name and "angel face" reminded him of blessedness, his ultimate good, then, that relationship once established, analogy might easily be drawn between his profane desire of the woman and his holy desire of blessedness, and the course of the profane desire be

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so told as to imply the course of the holy desire. Let us see.

The literal story of the "New Life," as outlined above, has two moments in which Dante's desire of Beatrice is potentially fulfilled: first, just before her death, when, as he says, "her virtue wrought in me" so that "even as Love was hard to me at first, so now doth he dwell sweet in my heart"; secondly, in the final vision of her in paradise, when his "pilgrim spirit," reaching whereto it desires, contemplates dimly "through her splendor" his lady in glory. Accordingly, if Beatrice signifies blessedness, these two potential fulfilments are respectively of blessedness in this life and in the next. The one way to both fulfilments is "holy love, or charity" towards men and God. By the grace of Beatrice—the salutation hoped for—"no enemy was left to me," declares Dante, "but rather a flame of charity possessed me which made me pardon whomsoever had offended me; and to him who had then asked of me concerning any matter, my answer would have been simply: *Love!* with a countenance clothed in humility." By the grace of Beatrice—the salvation hoped for—(since *salute* means both "salutation" and "salvation") his whole care is to be with her "who gazeth in glory on the face of him, *qui est per omnia sæcula benedictus.*" "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God. . . . Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. . . . On these two Commandments hang all the Law and the Prophets."

Thus by desire of the earthly Beatrice, earthly blessedness, Dante receives human charity which fulfils the moral law by overcoming not only sin, but the temptation of sin; and by desire of the heavenly Beatrice he receives divine charity which unites man with God and is the joy of the blest. It is, as we have seen, the dual message of the "Banquet," the "Essay on Monarchy," the "Divine Comedy."

But the way of true love never runs smooth. Human nature attains blessedness, earthly and heavenly, only by a "way of sighs." Human desire is strong; human understanding weak, ever mistaking shadows for realities. Too well Dante served those shadows of "noble love," those *pleasing* ladies, "screens" of his *blessed* lady. Pursuing inordinately earthly "pleasures," he lost for a time the hoped-for grace of blessedness in this life. Then, that blessedness potentially attained, not at once realizing that it itself is but the shadow of heavenly blessedness, he abides in the shadow of the active life, the fallaciously Consoling Lady, until by divine grace light is given to disperse the shadow and to lead heart and will and mind to desire and meditation of true blessedness.

As I have said, I do not expect this bare outline to carry conviction; but I venture to assert that body and weight can be given it by side-hints and continuous accordance of detail. Certainly, by such interpretation, if justified, the "New Life" acquires new importance as conveying Dante's essential message; and, I believe, also richer literary sanction. Conceived as a love-story colored by "the mystic apotheosis of woman," it is open to the sarcasm of Karl Vossler, a recent German critic: "There is a foppish and modish cast to this youthful work which has made it especially dear to all æsthetes." But conceived as an allegory of religious conversion, its ecstatic intensity, its swoonings and tears, genuflections and exaltations, cease to appear fantastic and improbable, for such is the confessed behavior of the religious convert of all ages; as a work of art it is so, and probably so only, true to life.

J. B. Fletcher.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The first editions of the writings of Charles Dickens hold a permanent place in the hearts of book-collectors and on the shelves of their libraries. What is perhaps the best Dickens collection ever brought together is the one now on exhibition (to continue until March 8) in New York, at the Grolier Club's house in East Thirty-second Street. The books exhibited are, for the most part, loaned by members of the Club, though some items are from the collection of the late Harry E. Widener. The catalogue, compiled by Ruth S. Grannis, the Club's librarian, is a book of 228 pages, describing 342 items. While not primarily a Dickens bibliography and while not complete, owing to the omission of a few items (generally of minor character) not in the exhibition, it is, in fact, the best printed guide for the Dickens collector thus far issued. A few books are described which are not included in any of the earlier Dickens Bibliographies. Perhaps the most important of these new discoveries is an issue of the "Battle of Life" (1846), with a title differing from, and apparently earlier than, the three issues heretofore known. After the illustrative title-page, "A Battle of Life," had been engraved, the publishers, or the author, decided that a further explanatory phrase, "A Love Story," was necessary, and the variations of the four issues are brought about by changes in this sub-title. In this newly discovered variety, which seems to be the first, the three words, "A Love Story," are printed from type, below the illustration. In the second issue "A Love Story" is in a simple scroll, engraved upon the lower part of the plate below the illustration. In the third issue the scroll is altered, and the figure of a cherub supporting it is added, as well as a publisher's imprint, in a single line. The fourth differs from the third only in the absence of the line of imprint, which has been removed.

Owing to the fact that a large remainder of the sheets were discovered some years ago in a printer's warehouse, Dickens's first play, "The Village Coquettes" (1836), is no longer included among the great rarities, although the separate issue of the "Songs, Choruses and Concerted Pieces" must be so considered. The copy of the latter which is exhibited is a presentation copy to J. P. Harley, who acted one of the parts when the play was first produced at St. James Theatre in December, 1836. It is loaned by Mr. Morgan. Only slightly less rare (when perfect, with the frontispiece by H. K. Browne) is Dickens's second play, a farce, "The Strange Gentleman" (1837). The copy exhibited, loaned by Frederick R. Halsey, is perhaps the most valuable extant, as it contains Browne's original drawing for the frontispiece. In 1871 Chapman & Hall issued a facsimile reprint, but without the frontispiece by Browne, which is so exact that no typographical variations can be discovered. Miss Grannis indicates some slight variations in the positions of corresponding words on two sides of a leaf, discovered by holding the paper up to the light, but we doubt if these would be constant in all copies. Any collector before buying a copy of "The Strange Gentleman" without the frontispiece would do well to insist upon a pedigree for it.

Dickens wrote another play, "Is She His Wife?" which was acted at St. James Theatre in 1837, and, without much doubt, printed the same year, though no copy is now known. The Boston publisher, James R. Osgood, once owned a copy, which he described as "demy 8vo. 32 pages," and from which he made a reprint in 1877. Osgood's copy of the original was destroyed in the great Boston fire of 1879. There are in existence some three or four copies of an undated pamphlet edition, 22 pages only, of uncertain origin and date, but ascribed to 1873. The first of these seems to have been discovered in 1902. More definite information about it ought to be forthcoming.

Another dramatic piece, "Mr. Nightingale's Diary," is almost as rare as "Is She His Wife?" though printed fourteen years later. Osgood's copy, from which he made a reprint in 1877, was also destroyed in the Boston fire, and for a long time the only copy known was the one in the Forster collection in the South Kensington Museum. The Grolier Club exhibit contains Wilkie Collins's copy, afterwards Augustin Daly's, now Mr. Halsey's, and it is said that one other is known.

Few Dickens collectors are familiar with the three Royal Literary Fund pamphlets printed in 1858: (1) "The Case of the Reformers in the Literary Fund. Stated by Charles W. Dilke, Charles Dickens, and John Forster"; (2) "Royal Literary Fund. A Summary of Facts. Together with a Report of the Proceedings of the last Annual Meeting, March 12, 1858"; (3) "Royal Literary Fund. The Answer to the Committee's Summary of 'Facts.' By C. W. Dilke, Charles Dickens, and John Forster." That Dickens was the actual author of the first and third is virtually certain, and the second, drawn up by a committee of the other faction of the Society, contains, in the report of the annual meeting, a speech by Dickens.

First editions of all the regularly published books are shown in the exhibition, including the novels as issued in monthly parts. The "Pickwick" is a particularly interesting copy, the covers of Nos. 1 and 2 bearing the legend "With Four Illustra-

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tions by Seymour," and that of No. 3 "With Illustrations by R. W. Buss." Only a very few copies with these covers in correct state have survived. The covers generally read simply "With Illustrations."

As is well known, most of Dickens's manuscripts are in the South Kensington Museum, to which they were bequeathed by John Forster. From the few important manuscripts not in the Forster collection the Grolier Club has been able to procure for its exhibition portions of "Pickwick" and "Nicholas Nickleby" and the entire manuscript of two of the Christmas books, "The Christmas Carol" and "The Battle of Life," besides several shorter pieces, articles contributed to periodicals, a speech, the petty cash book kept by Dickens when a clerk in a lawyer's office in 1828, various autograph letters, etc.

A miniature on ivory, two portraits in oils, and several pencil sketches and water-color drawings are shown, as well as a few relics. A chair from the dining-room of Gad's Hill, Dickens's office slate, his paper knife, and the calendar which was upon his desk at the time of his death, give a personal touch to the exhibition which, though a little belated, is, we believe, the best of the numerous loan collections brought together in England and America to mark the centenary of Dickens's birth.

Correspondence

DISPROPORTION IN COLLEGE CULTURAL COURSES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Studying through college catalogues, the open-minded teacher finds himself with a growing amazement at the disproportion in time, effort, and nature of work existing among college cultural courses. The lack of proportion seems to be largely, but not wholly, due to the use of the semester system. Illustrations from the catalogues will lay bare the error, and constant mindfulness of the semester system will reveal what seems to be one of the chief causes.

The policy of too many departmental heads in colleges seems to be to treat all subjects alike. For example, an English literature curriculum before me offers more than twenty three-hour-a-week semester courses. In it the history of English literature receives the same amount of time—and presumably the same amount of attention—as eighteenth-century prose; the drama (1590-1640, exclusive of Shakespeare) as much as "Poetics"; "Beowulf" as much as Browning. Another curriculum offers a dozen three-hour-a-week year courses. The majority of these courses are just fragments of literature—all so-called periods of literature seem to be regarded as equally fertile in cultural crops. A third offers twenty-five two-hour-a-week semester courses. In it "Beowulf," Milton, fourteenth-century literature, drama, the novel, Shakespeare, history and principles of versification, nineteenth-century poetry, nineteenth-century prose, receive each two hours a week during a semester.

That all fields yield like quantity and equal quality of crops is hard to believe. For instance, a class studying the novel (in still another college) meets three times a week for a semester. It reads seventeen novels—a requirement necessitating the reading of more than 500 pages a week. The *studying* in such a course will be neither prolonged nor intensive. But aside from undue length of assignments (which always means hasty reading), and aside from what of value a student may or may not have got when he has completed the work, is not such a course a violation of the æsthetic sense of enjoyment? The works of our standard novelists are to be read, if read appreciatively, in small bits; they are not to be gobbled down. The life in them is not in tabloid form; it is spread out—like life itself—and varied. Would it not seem that the nature of such a study lends itself not to a three-hour-a-week course through one semester, but better to a two-hour-a-week course through the year?

A course in Victorian poetry gets the same amount of time, three hours a week during a semester. Students "study" the works of Tennyson, Arnold, Rossetti, Morris, Browning, Swinburne, as "leading figures of the nineteenth century," in order to "trace the principal currents of nineteenth-century thought." Which course, this or the one in the novel, each receiving the same amount of time, and, presumably, of attention, contains the greater cultural value? However, without asserting the predominating value of one over the other, ask two questions: Which is the more suitable for *study?* and, Which lends itself better to the semester system?

The nature of such a course demands that the work be both intensive and extensive. For working-material the student has fifteen or twenty short poems chosen from each writer's poetry and extracts from his longer, more philosophical poems. So big is the demand and so inadequate are the selections that teachers, feeling guilty, refer the students to learned and highly specialized volumes dealing with the subject. Through these the student may browse, forgetful, or almost forgetful, of the poet's poems.

When we are thus hastily shoving a student over the surface of a few selections, can we expect him to "grasp as a whole" the work of any poet—much less understand the poet's "philosophical attitude towards life" and his "reflection of the thought of his time"? If the course is to be thus comprehensive and thus philosophical, the student must have plenty of the original material to work, must have time for study, must be taught to reflect, and must have time for reflection. (And, by the way, he must *not* be deprived of the value and joy of discovery and of original work.)

Should it not seem that such a course with such an aim would be better treated in many semesters? If the novel is worth one semester—measuring cultural values in semesters—would not such a course be worth many semesters?

So the disproportion goes. Courses seem to be constructed, not ordinarily in consideration of their sterility or fertility, but in consideration of their time-grouping or clustering; if a number of writers lived at about the same time, they are to be studied together, almost without regard to the relative cultural values of their writings. Groups, one is tempted to make the deduction, must be of equal cultural value; and the individual writings making up each group must be of less value than the time-clusters. Such reasoning is unsound. Such apportioning of studies to time and to kind and amount of material suggests an unthinking desire of the instructor to "cover so much ground."

Harold G. Merriam.

Beloit College, January 18.

STRAINING AT A GNAT.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the editorial on "The Efficiency Nostrum" in your issue of January 16, there appears to be a misunderstanding of what was attempted recently by the assistant controller at Harvard. There seems to be no ground for supposing that his inquiry suggests a tendency towards installing at Harvard or anywhere else a system requiring periodically "each professor to make report of every hour that he spent upon his work, and have his pay doled out to him accordingly." Data as to disposition of time were sought "as a basis for *pro*-rating salaries," not *re*-rating them. It was contemplated using the figures "for the purpose of distributing salaries," which does not mean assigning or allotting them to individuals. It is the accountant's, not the economist's, sense of the term distribution which was evidently employed. Many industrial concerns "prorate" or "distribute" the salaries and other general expenses each month, or each "period" of accounting, to the different departments of the business ("to the various classified functions," to quote the assistant controller), and that practice has no effect on the amount of the salaries, present or future, whatever: Charles W. Mixter.

Philadelphia, January 24.

AREN'T I?

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the issue of January 23, J. M. Hart asks *Nation* readers whether he is justified in rebelling at the use of "Aren't I" in Book II, chapter iii, of Wells's "Marriage." In my opinion, Mr. Hart is not justified.

In the sentences, "My dear! Aren't I a feminist? Don't I want women fine and sane and responsible?" the phrase is a mere piquancy of speech. Trafford, the speaker, "the latest word in British science and culture," is perfectly conscious of his solecism. He is speaking intimately to his wife and employs the expression with artistic carelessness, just as Mark Twain uses "don't" with a singular subject to procure humorous effect.

There is a subtlety in the adaptation of words to emotions that is much more easily felt than expressed. Mr. Hart asks: "Is there anything to prevent our saying Am I not?" "Am I not" is an embarrassment to all lovers of graceful speech. In dignified discourse it does very well, but in intimate conversation it is depressingly awkward. If I were a woman whose husband said, "My dear! Am I not a feminist? Don't I," etc., I should find in his question a certain argumentative superiority instead of affectionate sympathy.

There is no doubt that *Aren't I* is wrong, and Wells knew it was wrong and Trafford

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knew it was wrong, and the readers of the *Nation* know it, and so do I. But we like it. And we are sorry that Mr. Hart considers the use of *Aren't I*, without reservations, "indiscriminate jabbering or scribbling," because we think he misses some of the joys of life. M. I. HASKELL.

Hampton Institute, January 25.

Literature

EMILY BRONTË.

The Three Brontës. By May Sinclair. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $3 net.

Miss Sinclair has written her study of the Brontës in a fierce glow of indignation against those who would trace the beginning of Charlotte's power to an ill-fated passion for M. Héger, the Belgian schoolmaster, or would attribute Emily's great work to her caitiff brother, Branwell, or in any other way would deflect to some alien source the inspiration that sprang spontaneous in the breasts of the divine sisters. She has done a good work in laying those ghosts of criticism, and she has written an interesting book, although a reader here and there may feel that her language is keyed a trifle too high, is even hysterical in places, and may ask whether her peculiar tone of exultant praise is not due to her conception of the Brontës as rebels against the limitations imposed on the feminine intellect, rather than to a just literary appreciation of the Haworth novels. To connect the homeliness of Jane Eyre (who, after all, was probably not so plain as she paints herself) with the emancipation of woman has, at least, its humorous aspect.

More particularly, Miss Sinclair has centred her admiration upon Emily, who, rather than any dull male of Brussels, was the awakener and sustainer of Charlotte's genius: "'Wuthering Heights' was the fruit of a divine freedom, a divine unconsciousness. It is not possible that Charlotte, of all people, should have read 'Wuthering Heights' without a shock of enlightenment; that she should not have compared it with her own bloodless work [in 'The Professor']; that she should not have felt the wrong done to her genius by her self-repression." Hence, the glorious liberty of "Jane Eyre," and hence a new phenomenon in letters. We are gravely assured that, until Jane confessed her love to Rochester in the orchard, "passion between man and woman had meant animal passion"; and "it was this thing, cast down, defiled, dragged in the mud, and ignored because of its defilement, that Charlotte Brontë took and lifted up. . . . She showed it for the divine, the beautiful, the utterly pure, and radiant thing it is, 'the very sublime of faith, truth, and devotion.'" One wonders a little why, in this leap-year hymn to Liberty, the point should have been overlooked that, in a still more specific way, "Wuthering Heights" was the original; for there, too, the avowal of love had been left to the female characters. But the reader is likely to be more interested in Emily's epic venture than in this dubious praise of unrepressed passion, which, by the way, Jane Eyre would utterly repudiate, or, rather, has nobly repudiated in word and deed.

"The Complete Poems of Emily Brontë," edited by Mr. Clement Shorter in 1908, contained, besides the verse already well known, the sixty-seven poems privately printed in 1902 and a new group of seventy-one poems then first made public from the notebooks which had come to the editor from Charlotte's husband. There is undoubtedly something extravagant in Miss Sinclair's praise of Emily's verse as a whole; a considerable part of this product is of an immature, school-girlish character, which tends rather to obscure the genius of the writer and might better have been left unpublished. But Miss Sinclair has made one discovery which, if not very valuable intrinsically, does in a way throw an interesting light on the working of Emily's mind. Scattered among the new poems she has detected a whole group of inventions which she regards as the "fragments of a Titanic epic," on which the poet was brooding from 1834, when she was about fifteen years old, until 1845, two years before the publication of "Wuthering Heights." The theme is traced by the recurrence of certain fanciful names, such as Gondal, Zamorna, Almedore, and from the apparent importance of the first of these the poems are styled by Miss Sinclair the "Gondal Chronicles." Whether Emily ever had the plan of uniting these *disjecta membra* into a single epic, may be doubted; it is, however, perfectly clear that for eleven years her imagination was dwelling in a strange fictitious land, among the Gondal folk, and was haunted by fairy rumors of revolutions and embattled armies, of exiled heroes, and forsaken ladies. It is all a wild medley of Byronism and Ossianism and balladry, the sort of thing, except for the occasional vigor of conception and language, which one would expect to find inhabiting the mind of a romantic, lonely, half-educated girl, but astonishing in the mind of a woman who had already written "The Old Stoic," and may even then have been plotting the story of a miraculous novel. A few of these newly printed Gondal ballads are themselves of stirring beauty, and it is a fair conjecture that some of the poems published in the two collections of Emily's verse made by Charlotte drew their theme from the same imaginary land—for instance, "The Visionary":

Silent is the house: all are laid asleep:
One alone looks out o'er the snow-wreaths deep,
Watching every cloud, dreading every breeze
That whirls the wildering drift, and bends the groaning trees.

Cheerful is the hearth, soft the matted floor;
Not one shivering gust creeps through pane or door;
The little lamp burns straight, its rays shoot strong and far;
I trim it well, to be the wanderer's guiding star.

Frown, my haughty sire! chide, my angry dame;
Set your slaves to spy; threaten me with shame:
But neither sire nor dame, nor prying serf shall know,
What angel nightly tracks that waste of frozen snow.

What I love shall come like visitant of air,
Safe in secret power from lurking human snare;
What loves me, no word of mine shall e'er betray,
Though for faith unstained my life must forfeit pay.

Burn, then, little lamp; glimmer straight and clear—
Hush! a rustling wing stirs, methinks, the air:
He for whom I wait, thus ever comes to me;
Strange Power! I trust thy might; trust thou my constancy.

It is a fair conjecture that these stanzas, with their style halting between the sublime and the naïve, are the expression neither of an actual passion idealized, as some would have us believe, nor of a pure mysticism, which Miss Sinclair would compare with the Divine Love of Juan de la Cruz. In the writer's imagination these snowy moors of Yorkshire were no doubt here blended indistinguishably with "Gondal's mists and moorlands drear"; the haughty sire and prying serf were at once symbols of the restraint in the Haworth parsonage and actors in some scene of her epic dreams; and the visiting Power was a creature strangely combining the abstract spirit of rebellious mysticism and some exiled wanderer that sought his lady love on Zamornah's howling plain, or in some other equally fantastic land.

It is a common thing to speak of Emily as a Stoic or Pagan, and in support of such a view to quote the great lines:

Yes, as my swift days near their goal,
'Tis all that I implore;
In life and death a chainless soul,
With courage to endure—

or the stanzas beginning, "No coward

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soul is mine," or the wooing words of the Night-Wind:

> And when thy heart is resting
> Beneath the church-aisle stone,
> *I* shall have time for mourning,
> And *thou* for being alone.

But from Paganism or Stoicism, in any precise use of the terms, she was really removed by a whole world. Power of endurance she had, sympathy with nature she had, but the spirit beneath it all was that of romantic rebellion rather than Stoic *apathia*, and her true father was Byron rather than Marcus Aurelius or Epictetus. When by chance the true Pagan note does come out strongly, the result is a commonplace, as in the close of one of the new poems (No. xl):

> True to myself, and true to all,
> May I be healthful still,
> And turn away from passion's call,
> And curb my own wild will.

The lines are commonplace, because they do not belong to the writer. They do not express her temper in life. They were belied by her passionate will when she came to die, and by the pitiful rebellion of her spirit against the frailty of the flesh, causing agony to herself and wringing from her sister Charlotte the cry of distress: "Moments so dark as these I have never known." Mrs. Gaskell tells how Charlotte shivered at recalling the pang she felt when, "after having searched in the little hollows and sheltered crevices of the moors for a lingering spray of heather—just one spray, however withered—to take in to Emily, she saw that the flower was not recognized by the dim and indifferent eyes." And the closing scene is equally fitting and symbolical. Emily's fierce bulldog, Keeper, "walked alongside of the mourners, and into the church, and stayed quietly there all the time that the burial service was being read. When he came home, he lay down at Emily's chamber door and howled pitifully for many days." Fitting incidents these, for when we think of her in life, it is with the image in our mind of the slight, unyielding figure, a mere girl, abroad on the lonely moors, with face set against the wind, and by her side the savage guard and companion. The other sisters loved their home in the moorland, but to Emily it was very existence, and in her brief absences she pined for it as the prisoner yearns for liberty. "Every morning when she woke," wrote Charlotte of the unfortunate time in Brussels, "the vision of home and the moors rushed on her, and darkened and saddened the day that lay before her."

But, again, let us not mistake the nature of Emily's passion for her beloved moors. It certainly was not Stoic, nor was it in any sense Pagan: Virgil or Horace would have deemed it a madness. Neither had it that touch of mysticism which springs from the contrast of the earth's stability with man's ephemeral generations; there was little or nothing in it of the neo-Paganism of Thomas Hardy's description of the bonfires on Egdon Heath—"the great inviolate place," unaltered amid the successive destinies of mankind, with "an ancient permanence which the sea cannot claim," and with a message of peace for "the mind adrift on change and harassed by the irrepressible New." Emily Brontë was too inexperienced in life to bring to the moors any such worship as that; she brought to them rather her own spirit of romantic revolt, and in their lonely winds and empty spaces found what seemed to her a sympathetic mood. With the help of the Gondal poems, it is not difficult to conjecture in a way the kind of thoughts and emotions upon which she brooded in her solitary walks. The feeling that preyed upon her soul was more an inarticulate, almost sullen, clamor against the inhumanity of an unknown destiny than any definite rebellion against the particular circumstances of her life, and no inconsiderable part of it, one suspects, sprang from a kind of emptiness of heart, from the stirring within her of deep emotions which had no specific object of attachment. Out of that vague rebellion and those unfed emotions, and out of the memories of romantic reading, her genius went creating a world of her own, peopling it with heroes and heroines of strange names and malignant fates and lamentable utterance. It seems all very girlish, yet in the girl's brain there dwelt intermittently a power of imagination and insight and a faculty of penetrating expression, which made of her immature musings the prophecy and at times the reality of true and courageous literature:

> No coward soul is mine,
> No trembler in the world's storm-centred sphere:
> I see Heaven's glories shine,
> And faith shines equal, arming me from fear.

From the Gondal and more personal poems to "Wuthering Heights" the step is not great, either in time or in mood; and in the novel we find the same spirit prevailing of vague romantic revolt, the same depth of inexperienced emotion, the same creative faculty, more concrete now, but still half-inhuman. The style and sentiment of the book are occasionally crude and even feeble, yet, withal, the story, from the opening scene, grips the attention, and as a whole is undeniably successful in conveying to the mind of the reader what was in the mind of the author. To place it above "Jane Eyre" as a creation is to ignore the greater elements of art, but in its own way it is undoubtedly one of the miracles of literature—more miraculous, indeed, than admirable. Its very suddenness, so to speak, is astonishing. The impression it gives is such as might come to one who was lost on the moors in the thick obscurity of night, moving apparently in an absolute solitude, when out of the darkness came a flash of light and passed again into the darkness, revealing for a moment before the dazed eyes of the wanderer a group of actors, human and more than human, noiselessly engaged in some deed of terror. There is no connection of the plot and characters of the story with a surrounding world; all about it is opacity. The origin of the hero is unknown; he has but a single name, Heathcliff, and is brought into the little group of actors from the unexplored outside and for unexplained reasons. For a while, when he has been baffled by the marriage of Catherine and Edgar, he disappears again into the outlying shadows. And at the end he fades into death by a kind of unaccountable suspension of the faculties—"I have to remind myself to breathe," he exclaims, "almost to remind my heart to beat!" His passion has burnt itself out, and oblivion falls upon the scene like a black curtain. And within that circle of impenetrable darkness, he moves as a creature whose emotions are derived from another world than ours. "How did you contrive to preserve the common sympathies of human nature when you resided here?" writes Heathcliff's young bride to the old servant. "I cannot recognize any sentiment which those around share with me. . . . Is Mr. Heathcliff a man?" And at the end the servant herself, who tells the story, asks: "Is he a ghoul or a vampire? . . . Where did he come from, the dark little thing, harbored by a good man to his bane?"

There has been some discussion in regard to the master passion of the story: to one critic it is the working of heredity; to Miss Sinclair it is a spiritualizing love which takes possession of a soul and casts out every other feeling. But how, it may be asked, can such a feeling be properly attributed to a being who, from beginning to end, is represented as scarcely human? The fact is the author herself was too little attached to the world of men to give articulate expression to any such tie between man and woman. But out of her self-devouring heart and her rebellious soul she drew the understanding of one passion, scarcely human indeed, though it sometimes visits mankind, the most terrible and blinding passion the world knows, the passion of sheer, enduring cruelty. That is the emotion, as yet vague and unnamed, that comes

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to the reader when, with the fictitious writer of the story, he is first introduced into the haunted chambers of "Wuthering Heights." That is the spring of Heathcliff's diabolical treatment of Hareton and his wife and his own pitiful son. Even the love of Heathcliff and Catherine, after her death, is turned in the survivor's heart into a spectral inquisition: "She has disturbed me night and day, through eighteen years," he cries, "incessantly—remorselessly—till yesternight—and yesternight I was tranquil. I dreamed I was sleeping the last sleep by that sleeper, with my heart stopped and my cheek frozen against hers. . . . She showed herself, as she often was in life, a devil to me. And since then, sometimes more, and sometimes less, I've been the sport of that intolerable torture." Cruelty, and not love, cruelty of the living and of the dead, is the master passion of the book. If one were looking for a parallel to the sufferings of those who are the sport of this inhuman passion, it would be found in the diabolism that surrounds Webster's Duchess of Malfi:

I'll tell thee a miracle;
I am not mad yet, to my cause of sorrow.

CURRENT FICTION.

Clara: Some Scattered Chapters in the Life of a Hussy. By A. Neil Lyons. New York: John Lane Co.

Facing the title-page of this book is a list of works "by the same author," classified under the headings Romantic and Unromantic. After reading "Clara," which falls under the romantic category, we find ourselves wondering what this Mr. Lyons is like when he is being unromantic. There are passages and chapters here of as unvarnished realism as ever came from the pen of a newspaper-bred cockney. Some of them are rather shocking—notably The Mile End Sensation. That fragment is among the "interludes" which have nothing to do with Clara. But she herself lives in a world of spades which are to be called frankly by name, and is a hussy according to all known rules. She is a thief, a free lover, a disreputable and contented dweller in the slums. She has "done her bit" in prison, and the father of her son is, during the episodes here recorded, performing a similar office for society. The parents are married—to third and fourth parties. But that has nothing to do in one way or another with their devotion to each other or to their boy. The story of Clara's marriage as she tells it is realistic and squalid enough in point of detail. She marries a cur of the streets in order to avenge his unspeakable treatment of his dead wife. The sole incident of the honeymoon consists in a horse-whipping administered by the bride, followed by the permanent disappearance of the groom. But Clara's action here, as always, is essentially romantic. She is a champion of the weak, a friend to the downcast, a humorist without feeble sentimentality. Life never for a moment loses its zest for her, by reason of its own succulence, and there is always a dream in the distance to sweeten present good. From the book as a whole one gets an impression of uncertainty—of a brilliant young journalist trying his hand at various moods and modes. Several of the chapters might better have been omitted, as of small account in any way. But about the person of Clara herself there is no uncertainty—a real creature and a lovable.

Miriam Lucas. By Canon Sheehan. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Like all of Canon Sheehan's stories, this one has a quaint and individual flavor; but unlike several of them, it has very little else to commend it. The plot is melodramatic, the situations are forced, the persons are unreal: the hero a flabby figure, the villain a monster, the heroine a bore. It is always a risk for this writer to undertake an elaborate and sustained narrative. His sketches of Irish character are engaging, and once at least, in "The Intellectuals," he produced a longer work of distinct merit. That book owed its charm to the fact that it did not attempt sustained narrative. It was little more than a series of dialogues strung upon a slender thread of incident—a species of "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" with Irish setting and personnel. The present story involves a large number of characters, a continual shifting of scene, and a confusion of themes. The shadow of the author of Waverley hangs over the opening pages. A lonely neighborhood, a great house furnished with a curse and a prophecy, and inhabited by a beautiful girl about whose birth hangs a mystery; a guardian who covets her person and her inheritance; a gallant young gentleman of established social position who stumbles upon her to some purpose; his worldly mother—here are familiar materials. A new point of attack or a fresh method of treatment might excuse their rehandling. The only novelty in Canon Sheehan's use of them is his presenting them, in all their antiquity, alongside certain industrial and social materials whose modernity makes them appear more hopelessly obsolete than ever.

Miss Philura's Wedding Gown. By Florence Morse Kingsley. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

What would our fiction be without the spinster of New England? Her existence as a type is quaintly due to a surplus of the sex in that snug corner of America. It is, we are told, because there are not enough husbands to go around that we find so many charming maidens of a certain age in the Yankee villages. But it is never too late to hope: in fiction at least, they are always hoping, and there is always at least a chance for them. Men become widowers. The boy lover whose budding passion has been nipped by parental interference, or blighted by ambition to see the world, returns to his old home and his old love.

And there is always the parson. Miss Philura, sticking womanfully to her post, is rewarded by this chief of matrimonial prizes. Her "transfiguration" has been recorded in an earlier story. The theme of this narrative is considerably slighter, a mere feminine drama of dress. The short of it is that Miss Philura ardently desires a white wedding-dress which she has no means of buying. At a meeting of an "Ontological Club" she has heard a lecture about the Encircling Good, from which faith might win whatever it sufficiently desired. She applies for a white gown, and obtains it, through channels somewhat less than mystical. The little story is not too far-fetched: the village dialect uncommonly good.

Concerning Sally. By William John Hopkins. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

In "The Clammer" and later stories, this writer has produced work of rather studied quaintness. The present novel shows less of mannerism. Its quality is, however, distinctly feminine, and we imagine few men will care for it. Sally herself is one of those distressingly wise, capable children whom juvenile fiction is wont to hold up as models for both young and old. At twelve Sally is the real head of her family. She knows more than her father or her mother about the conduct of life. Her mother is a lady, but rather a fool. Her father is a university professor, but very much of a rascal. It is for Sally to instruct the one and spy upon the other, and, with the aid of her creator (we mean Mr. Hopkins), to show herself the intellectual and moral superior of—her betters. The type is familiar. In boys' stories it has long held the stage. Sadly, with a sense of misspent youth, must the shade of Rollo look upon these heroes, free not only to defy, but to admonish their more or less contemptible elders. The heroine of the "story for girls" has acquired this license more recently; but she has acquired it. Lecturing her parents is the breath of her nostrils.

The present story is not professedly a story for the young. Sally grows up physically, and is admitted to be an adult during a considerable portion of the narrative. The point is that, morally and mentally, she cannot grow up, since she has sprung full-grown from the head of Mr. Hopkins. Fox Sander-

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son, for whom she is clearly destined from the beginning, is a fit running-mate—a preternaturally wise and virtuous undergraduate, who will never be anything less than wise or more than an undergraduate. We do not feel that Mr. Hopkins is writing from the shoulder about people whom he feels to be real. The rascally professor is impossible, not because he is both a professor and a secret gambler, but because we are expected to believe that in his character of gambler he is naturally cruel to his wife. It is the kind of story which, all the more on account of its clevernesses of detail, provokes again the query, Why should anybody in this day go to the trouble of making a novel out of whole cloth?

THE FRANKLIN OF JAPAN.

Just Before the Dawn: The Life and Work of Ninomiya Sontoku. By Robert Cornell Armstrong, M.A. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

Japan's debt to her own past is very imperfectly understood by Americans. Her military achievements are obviously too considerable to be fortuitous, and we readily attribute them to inherited traditions of training and obedience, but we have much to learn of those moral and mental qualities which the nation owes to a similar inheritance. The illusion that the Japanese are somehow different from ourselves in essential traits of humanity ought to be dispelled by Mr. Armstrong's study of the Franklin of Japan. His translations from the abundant native literature on the subject show the common farmer at work in his old-fashioned way. It is a revelation of the influence there of the type of homespun philosophy which our country folk like to call hard-headed, and brings these people singularly close to our own.

Barring the rather flabby imagery of his title, Mr. Armstrong's book is an excellent piece of work. The world owes too much to missionaries abroad to criticise their literary taste severely, but they seem to moult the feathers of early Victorian taste in metaphor with strange reluctance, and they are regrettably apt to leave to librarians the painful task of cross-reference and explanation made necessary by meretricious titles. The "Dawn" in this case means the time preceding the Meiji era of enlightenment in Japan, not the earlier periods of Jimmu or Shotoku, which were equally years of dawn in the same sense. The predicament of Japan after two centuries of Tokugawa tyranny is one of extreme interest to the student of society, for in no other case has a hermit-nation programme been attempted upon the same scale and under such favorable conditions. The empire at the time of Queen Elizabeth's death was probably richer, more populous, and more cultured than England. Its people were saved from anarchy in that year by the effective concentration of power in the hands of one master, but internal peace and protection from foreign interference were produced at the price of complete stagnation. When Ninomiya, a peasant with ideas of his own, began his work two hundred years later, economic decay and social corruption had reduced a flourishing country to impotence. The contrast to the fortunes of Great Britain in the same period offers an impressive object-lesson to students of history.

This situation is briefly outlined in the earlier chapters of the book. It has an interest all its own; but the lapse of an eager people, deprived of any scope for their energies, into luxury and vice which debauched even the serfs on the soil and paralyzed the resources of the country, is only one feature of its contents. A second is found in the fact that in one of the most consistently aristocratic communities ever organized the impelling spirit of reform came from the lower classes. The subject of this volume, who died about the time that Commodore Perry's treaty was ratified, was one among several reformers from the common people who labored for the relief of poverty in their generation. His chief claim to the admiration of his compatriots comes from his power of organization and from his refusal to dispense alms to the unemployed. His doctrine was the simple doctrine of work and thrift, and in his steady insistence upon this idea, as well as in the homely aphorisms by which he enforced his teachings, he continually recalls Poor Richard. The Japanese sage, like the Yankee, knew no short-cut to prosperity; it must be reached by constant effort and submission to methods which experience recommended; doles and charities were only hindrances to the able-bodied. For this reason he entertained the same ironical contempt for Buddhism that Franklin had for Christianity. As an institution he objected to the church because it harbored drones and encouraged useless speculation. But the value of morality as distinguished from religion was not ignored. "He believed," we are told, "that while it was a good thing to reform the individual, it was a better thing to unite men in the interest of the country and society in general. Hence came the organization of Hotoku, with its twofold object: first, to develop morality; second, to promote industry and economy. The plan of the society was to lay aside a fund from which loans could be made to members and others who were struggling with debt or other unfavorable circumstances, and which could also be used to improve poor or neglected homes or villages, to start new industries and enterprises, and for public works." *Hotoku* (literally, "reward for grace") societies number above six hundred in Japan to-day, exerting an ever-increasing influence among farmers and artisans, and supplying at once an ideal and a practical purpose to multitudes who are generally unmoved by spiritual inducements.

A third feature of this volume, which should command the attention of students of Japanese society, is the philosophy which underlies Ninomiya's system. Though he approached his problem from the economic rather than the religious side, he was as far from Rousseau as he was from the priests:

> If we depend only on natural law [he declared], and are led astray by mere animal passion and lust, human life, with all that is peculiar to it, will be destroyed. Though there are no paths on the ocean, the ships have definite channels they must follow or be dashed to pieces on the rocks. So, though it is *natural* for man to desire delicate food and extravagant clothes, he must control mere passion and live well within his means. This is the way of humanity. To sow our grain is natural, but if we wish to make the grain profitable we pull up the weeds around it. It is not *natural* to pull up the weeds. So, following natural desire we must labor, but when natural desire clashes with duty it must be restrained.

It was, therefore, with no fear of inconsistency that, despite his disbelief in prevailing superstitions, he appealed to the supernatural succor of a temple god when it was necessary to deal with vice and evil habits. The appeal, even to a vain belief, served his purpose and he employed it as a restraining influence.

With his almost fierce emphasis upon the necessity of work for every one went the shrewdness and humor which inevitably attend the efforts of every effective philosopher. His sayings were not strikingly original, but they were propounded in original ways and applied to circumstances that were new. His method of teaching people to help themselves and refuse Government aid in an age when all looked to the state for guidance, constitutes his chief claim to originality. The enduring influence of his propaganda demonstrates, moreover, that there is a true democratic element in Japanese society, and that his people are susceptible to precisely the same weaknesses, promptings, and vulgar truths as ourselves.

A History of the Modern World, 1815-1910. By Oscar Browning. Two volumes. New York: Cassell & Co. $7.50.

To one interested in recent or contemporary European history Mr. Browning's work is a fascinating stimulant. The reader feels that it is not the colorless compilation of a Dryasdust, but the personal expression of a distinct individuality who has opinions of his own. It contains much quiet humor and some

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sarcasm; many *réussi* phrases, and some moralizings worth pondering. The style, with its staccato sentences, is always lucid, and often enlivened by judicious quotations from the actual words of the great statesmen of the nineteenth century.

As the Alpine climber, who toils up the long ascent and reaches at last the summit, turns to look back upon his arduous course and survey the panorama of peaks which he has passed, so Mr. Browning—himself an Alpine enthusiast—who for thirty years has been toiling with students at the University of Cambridge and with historical investigations, and who for nearly seventy years has been closely watching history in the making, now turns at last to survey the events of a century. His point of view is that of an Englishman and an advanced Liberal. It is this English point of view, supported with good accounts of the growth of the British Empire, the extension of the suffrage, and the course of progressive legislation in England, which lends these volumes a thread of unity and helps bind together what is necessarily a broad and somewhat disjointed subject.

The peaks of modern European history which Mr. Browning chiefly delights to study from his summit of ripe experience and reflection, are the great moves in the field of diplomatic and military history. These are subjects which, when treated briefly, are usually neither interesting nor clear; from Mr. Browning's pen they are both; they are the subjects in which he is at his best. His narrative is always easy and interesting to follow, and his judgments are fair and statesmanlike. In addition to the inevitable chapters on the great wars which resulted in German and Italian national unity and in the carving up of Turkey, there are excellent accounts of such less obvious subjects as the Indian mutiny, the Afghan War, Khartum and the Sudan, the Zulu and the Boer Wars, the Chinese-Japanese, Boxer, and Russo-Japanese conflicts, as well as upon the American Civil War and the Spanish-American War. But from his summit Mr. Browning does not see, or at least does not adequately describe, the fundamental causes and the permanent results of all these wars. For instance, to get a start for his discussion of the Civil War in America he has only the briefest account of the slavery question; and after the assassination of Lincoln absolutely nothing appears to have happened in the United States until the blowing up of the Maine in 1898. He describes the Franco-Prussian War in detail, but gives no account whatever of the constitutions of the new French Republic and the new German Empire which resulted from that war. After devoting fourteen chapters, out of a total of sixty-seven, to the wars in the Balkan Peninsula prior to 1878, he drops the Near Eastern Question completely, merely remarking, "The whole story of the Treaty of Berlin enforces the melancholy reflection that the world, after all, is governed with very little wisdom." He does not tell us how that treaty has been violated by nearly every Power that signed it, how it is responsible for the situation which led to the recent outbreak, nor how, thirty years after it was signed by Abdul Hamid, the Turkish Revolution put an end to his abominable despotism.

Similarly, also, as the mountain-climber cannot see the villages in the valleys and forgets for the moment all the insistent sociological problems of the world beneath him, so Mr. Browning seems not to see the life of the people. It should seem to be an ill-proportioned History of Modern Europe which contains such a full account of so many wars as those mentioned above, and yet says virtually nothing of the advance of the industrial revolution in the countries of Europe, of the organization of socialistic political parties, of old-age pensions and sick insurance, of the Hague Peace Conferences, and of Modernism. This, however, is part of the secret of the delightful impression of freshness and individuality which his volumes make.

As a text-book for classroom use Mr. Browning's work is altogether inferior to such an excellent recent book as that of C. D. Hazen; for there are no maps, no bibliographical apparatus, and no proper sense of proportion; but the letter-press is excellent, careful reading is made easy by good catchwords in the margin, and for the teacher, the general reader, and so-called "collateral reading" in colleges, it is informing and stimulating. This is particularly true of the excellent chapters on the Balkan troubles. Here Mr. Browning severely scores Disraeli and Salisbury for their ignorance of real facts of geography and ethnology, and for the political blindness which led them to tear up the Treaty of San Stefano in 1878 and substitute for it the many absurd and impractical terms of the Treaty of Berlin. Salisbury afterwards admitted that he was wrong, and his admission has been made more glaringly evident by the events of the last six months; but it was a poor reparation for a disastrous error for him to say, as he did, some years later, that he had "put his money on the wrong horse."

The Wilderness of the North Pacific Coast Islands. By Charles Sheldon, author of "The Wilderness of the Upper Yukon." Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2 net.

Trails, Trappers, and Tender-feet in Western Canada. By Stanley Washburn. With 80 illustrations from the author's photographs. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $3 net.

Mr. Sheldon's volume opens with the record of a trip to Vancouver Island, in the autumn of 1904, in search of a bull wapiti for the scientists of the United States Biological Survey, who were interested in determining the relation of the Vancouver wapiti to the *Cervus Rooscvelti* of the Olympics. The search was not successful, but the record makes attractive reading and carries much incidental information on various topics of natural history. In the spring of 1905 Mr. Sheldon spent several weeks hunting for the big bear of Hinchinbrook and Montague Islands, Alaska. On the basis of five specimens, sent to the Biological Survey at Washington, a new species has been officially recognized, with the appropriate title of *Ursus Sheldoni*, of Montague Island. An appendix gives a full description of this bear, from the pen of Dr. C. Hart Merriam, who is inclined to regard the coast region of Alaska as the original home from which the big bears of America have radiated. During the autumn of 1906, Mr. Sheldon visited Graham Island, of the Queen Charlotte group, to solve the mooted problem of the existence of caribou there. Though he did not succeed in setting eyes on a single caribou, unmistakable tracks were discovered in sufficient numbers to remove all doubt, and two years later two half-breed Indians shot three specimens, the skins and skulls of which were procured for the Provincial Museum, in Victoria. Its natural habitat, however, is in the dryer interior regions, and in the opinion of the author the small group that has existed in the Charlotte Islands is in process of rapid extinction. In the closing chapter Mr. Sheldon drops the more scientific attitude for a sketch of a two months' outing with his wife, on Admiralty Island. The ambition of the trip was to place a bear to the credit of Mrs. Sheldon's rifle, but the fates did not will the success which is supposed to come so regularly to an inexperienced woman in such matters. As we are told that she fell into a deep pool and succeeded in keeping her mouth and her rifle above the surface until Mr. Sheldon could get hold of her, the conclusion suggests itself that she was not quite unsophisticated enough to get a bear simply by way of "a woman's luck."

Mr. Washburn's book smacks all the way through of the style and vocabulary of the college student which he was in the later nineties, when his trips into the western Canadian wilds began. There is no pretence to the scientific quality which one finds in Mr. Sheldon's pages, and in his enthusiasm for Charles M. Hays and the conception of the Grand Trunk Pacific, his rhetoric at times runs perilously near the realm of the exploiter. His enthusiasms are apparently unbounded in many directions,

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but two sharp limits are detected—one, the ascent of high mountain peaks, and the other the penetration of any fastness whatever which compels the use of his own shoulders as a substitute for the pack-horse. "I pronounce it the supreme limit of wretchedness and misery, this making a pack-horse of one's self. . . . At first the forty, fifty, or sixty pounds seems light enough, but after the first half-hour it is like lead, and by noon it is a millstone, while when night comes it is a great black nightmare, hanging to one like the Old Man of the Sea to Sindbad the Sailor." After what has been said above, we must do Mr. Washburn the justice to record his warning statement that misrepresentations have led distant and confiding purchasers to pay high prices for land virtually worthless, and that those who wish to obtain a stake in the fertile and highly promising land that certainly does exist in the regions described should see their purchase with their own eyes before letting their money go.

Notes

The President and Fellows of Harvard College voted, on January 27, to establish the Harvard University Press, for the publication of works of a high scholarly character. For some years the University publication office has issued a few special works. The present intention is to organize and extend this activity. Among the books in preparation are volumes by the late Prof. James Barr Ames and by Profs. George Foote Moore, Eugene Wambaugh, Arthur E. Kennelly, George L. Kittredge, Charles H. Haskins, George A. Reisner, and W. B. Munro. The board of syndics who will decide on the books to be published are Robert Bacon, chairman; Professors Moore, Kennelly, Kittredge, Gay, Cannon; and Mr. Charles H. Thurber, of Ginn & Co. The director of the Press is Charles Chester Lane. The establishment of the Harvard University Press recalls the fact that the first printing press in America was a gift to Harvard College in 1639, which was set up in the house of President Dunster. On it were printed the "Bay Psalm Book" and John Eliot's Indian Bible.

By arrangement between the University of Cambridge and the University of Chicago the following periodicals will be issued in America, in the future, under joint imprint: the *Modern Language Review; British Journal of Psychology; Journal of Agricultural Science; Biometrika; Parasitology; Journal of Genetics; Journal of Hygiene.* Several new books in the Cambridge list are also to be taken over at once and published in this country under joint auspices, including: "The Life and Letters of Lord Hardwicke," by Philip Chesney Yorke; "The Duab of Turkestan," by W. Rickmer Rickmers: "The History of Romanesque and Byzantine Architecture," by Thomas Graham Jackson, and "The Genus Iris," by William Rickatson Dykes.

Through the Century Co. Mr. Oscar S. Straus will bring out in April "The American Spirit."

Cassell & Co. issue this week two books by anonymous authors—"Cleek: The Man of the Forty Faces," a detective story, and "Princess Mary's Locked Book."

M. Gueschoff, Prime Minister of Bulgaria, has written the introduction for Lieut. Wagner's "With the Victorious Bulgarians," which Houghton Mifflin Co. has almost ready.

Edwin G. Lawrence's "How to Master the Spoken Word," announced by McClurg for February, deals with oratory from the time of Gorgias to the present day, and is intended to serve as a text-book.

The following are some of the Oxford books in preparation by Frowde: "Aristarchus of Samos," by Sir Thomas Heath; "Opus Epistolarum Des. Erasmi Roterodami, *Tom. III, 1517-1519*," edited by P. S. Allen; "Antigonos Gonatas," by W. W. Tarn; "The Life of Porphyry, Bishop of Gaza," translated by G. F. Hill, and "Selected Essays of Plutarch," translated by T. G. Tucker.

Longmans, Green & Co. are bringing out: Drake's "The Wondrous Passion" and Sir Rider Haggard's Zulu romance, "Child of Storm."

E. P. Dutton & Co. have a long list of spring announcements. It includes in fiction: "American Nobility," by Pierre de Coulevain, in a new translation by Alys Hallard; "The Fear of Living," by Henri Bordeaux, translated from the seventy-fourth French edition by Ruth Helen Davis; "The Quest of Glory" and "God's Playthings," by Marjorie Bowen; "A Slice of Life," by Robert Halifax; "Seven Scots Stories," by Jane Findlater; "Crossriggs" and "Penny Monypenny," by Jane and Mary Findlater.—Miscellaneous: "Essays in Biography," by Charles Whibley; "The War Drama of the Eagles," by Edward Fraser; "The Philosophy of Ruskin," by André Chevrillon, translated by Andrew Boyle; "The Influence of Baudelaire in France and England," by G. Turquet-Milner; "The Nature of Woman," by J. Lionel Tayler; "The Everyman Encyclopedia," edited by Andrew Boyle in twelve volumes, of which Vols. I and II are now ready; "The China Year Book for 1913," by H. T. Montague Bell; "Prayers, Ancient and Modern," by William Angus Knight; "Yang Chu's Garden of Pleasure," translated from the Chinese by Prof. Anton Forke, with an introduction by H. Cranmer-Byng; "Dante and the Mystics," by Edmund G. Gardner; "The Sea and the Jungle," by H. M. Tomlinson; "Shakespeare's London," by T. Fairman Ordish, new edition, and the following numbers of the Channels of English Literature series: "The English Novel," by Prof. George Saintsbury; "English Lyric Poetry," by Ernest Rhys; "English Dramatic Poetry," by Prof. Felix Schelling; "English Elegiac, Didactic, and Religious Poetry," by the Rev. Dr. H. C. Beeching; "English Satirists and Humorous Literature," by Oliphant Smeaton; "The English Essay and Essayists," by Prof. Hugh Walker; "English History and Schools of History," by Prof. Richard Lodge, and "English Criticism," by J. W. H. Atkins. A few of the volumes in this spring list have already appeared.

A comprehensive "History of India," from the earliest times to the present day, on the model of the "Cambridge Modern History," is in preparation by the Cambridge University Press. The work will be in six volumes, divided equally among the three main periods—Ancient India, Muhammadan India, and British India.

A book by Swinburne on Dickens, consisting of an article which appeared in the *Quarterly Review* of July, 1902, and certain manuscript additions by the poet, will be published immediately by Chatto & Windus.

Prof. C. M. Andrews will shortly issue the third and concluding volume of his "Guide to the Manuscript Materials in London Archives."

Professors Fraser and Squair have prepared a "Shorter French Course," which is about to be issued by Heath.

February 1 is the date set by Putnams for the publication of the following titles: "The Hero of Herat," by Maude Diver; "Ashes and Sparks," by Percy White; "Little Cities of Italy," Vol. II, by André Maurel, translated by Helen Gerard; "The Romance of the Rothschilds," by Ignaz Balla, and "The History of Modern Philosophy," by Prof. A. W. Benn.

Forthcoming books in Doubleday, Page & Co.'s list include: "Virginia," by Ellen Glasgow: "The Devil's Admiral," by Frederick Ferdinand Moore, and "Precious Waters," by A. M. Chisholm.

Sturgis & Walton promise for March: "Lanagan: Amateur Detective"; "Auction Pinochle," by A. P. George, and "Little Mamselle," a juvenile story by Mrs. Augusta H. Seaman.

Descriptive notes of a journey through Dalmatia, Montenegro, Bosnia, and Herzegovina by Assistant Prof. Kenneth McKenzie of Yale, the opening article of the December number, just issued, of the *National Geographic Magazine,* give a vivid idea of the great variety in land and people of a small part of the Austrian empire. This article is followed by pictures of scenes in the Tyrol with explanatory text by D. W. and A. S. Iddings. An intricate racial problem for American ethnologists, the origin of the blond Eskimo discovered by V. Stefansson, is discussed by Major-Gen. A. W. Greely, with numerous extracts from the reports of various Arctic explorers. The account of the ascent of Mount Sinai to see the sun rise and set, by the Rev. S. Prentice, jr., is illustrated by the reproduction of thirty-four unusually interesting and striking photographs.

Harpers have reissued Woodrow Wilson's life of "George Washington," first published in 1896, now printed with the proud legend on the title-page under the author's name: "President of the United States."

The "Poems of Robert Bridges," which we noticed in the *Nation* last week, are now issued by the Oxford University Press in an edition printed on India paper.

The address of Mr. Justice Swayze, of the Supreme Court of New Jersey, at the dedication of the Washington statue at Newark, November 2, 1912, has been privately printed, but deserves general circulation and attention. Within a small compass the characteristics of the greatest constructive American have been noted and a philosophic view of his official capacity set forth. So clear and felicitous is the style and so true the estimate, that extracts

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from this essay might well form reading lessons in any course of history, and the paper as a whole find a place in the best collection of comments upon the first President.

It is a little difficult for the Oriental mind to grasp the truths of the Christian religion as understood in the West, and many of our official interpreters are making a dark glass more opaque. A Japanese Buddhist, who is looking into Christianity, recently said to the writer of this note, "What for the ministers do they always tell what Browning think?" It would not do to say that the ministers are the only ones that know. Nor that the poet is more impressive than he who set forth the mystery of the logos—because less generally understood. It was an awkward question. But at this moment there came to hand A. Austin Foster's "The Message of Robert Browning" (Doran). Mr. Foster answers the question in a commentary on ten or a dozen most significant poems: Browning is a Poet-Prophet whose message is comparable with that of the Hebrew prophets, but is brought up to date in form and feeling. As these studies were first published in the *Scottish Standard Bearer*, and, in one instance, heard with favor by the Aberdeen Diocesan Society, we suppose they may be confidently recommended to the Oriental as a key to the modern sermon.

"Carmen Sylva and Sketches from the Orient," by Pierre Loti, in a translation by Fred Rothwell, is a discreet, rather than a thoroughly representative, selection from the works of our recent visitor (Macmillan). These half-dozen sketches of the accomplished Rumanian Queen and her court, Constantinople in 1890, African serpent-charmers, a Japanese temple in the forest, and Japanese women in 1890, illustrate adequately Loti's descriptive talent. But, as they were carefully prepared to avoid offence, they fail to convey the full tang of his sensual melancholy. The more highly colored pieces read like superfluous leaves from his novels, and the "Carmen Sylva," though not without effective strokes, is done in his least characteristic vein of pink-and-white sentimentality. As long ago as 1863, Flaubert, Gautier, and the Goncourts foregathered apropos of one of Sainte-Beuve's articles, and agreed that the great critic did not comprehend their exoticism—a word in which they distinguished two meanings, of which the first was the "taste for the exotic in space, *le goût de l'Amérique, le goût des femmes jaunes, vertes*, etc." It is this *goût* for dark and tawny skins in a setting of palm trees, cherry blossoms, or desert sands that Loti has felt and exploited in literature. It is wildly asserted that he has sounded the soul of the Orient, but what is meant is that he has tasted and retasted in all the ports of the world the intoxication of the bizarre, has broken all taboos, and has revelled in the sweet bitterness of spiritual expatriation. The Orient of Loti's books is imaginary territory annexed to the Oriental paradise of the Romanticists in Paris; it is his own creation, a sentimental sailor's dream of geishas and cherry blossoms. "It almost seems," says this sounder of national souls, "as though Japan would lose its *raison d'être*, were it not for the *mousmé*. . . . Besides, in Japan, nothing is of much consequence; nothing is very serious, neither in the past nor, *à la rigueur*, in the present." This of the fiery stoics that took Port Arthur, a nation reared in the austere discipline of an ancient chivalry, the land of Ito, Okuma, and Nogi! One finds what one seeks, whether in Tokio or in Paris. When one has recovered from the intoxication of Loti, one may read with special profit the "Bushido" of Nitobé.

Gen. Jubal Anderson Early's "Autobiographical Sketch and Narrative of the War Between the States," has now been published, nearly twenty years after his death, and is furnished with notes by R. H. Early (Lippincott). Gen. Early's narrative deals with the Civil War campaigns and battles in Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania. It is impersonal in a marked degree. Probably it would have been less so if Gen. John B. Gordon's "Reminiscences" had been given to the public before Gen. Early's death, for Gordon held Early responsible for the failure to press the retreating Union forces on July 1 at Gettysburg, as well as for neglect to turn Grant's flank in the Wilderness and for inactivity in not driving home the Confederate victory over Sheridan's army at Cedar Creek before the Union forces had time to overcome the effects of their first panic. Considerable portions of the book suggest in style a restatement of official reports. Apparently begun soon after the close of the war and written with caution as to Southern feelings, the criticism is confined to Northern policies and acts. The pages justifying the Southern treatment of Union prisoners of war could have been spared, as the claims made do not accord with the reports of Confederate officers sent to inspect the Andersonville prison. The accounts of battles make little attempts to understand or set forth the Northern side of a movement. For instance, Meade's successful charge at Fredericksburg, which cut the Confederate line, the charge of an unsupported division, the reader might suppose from Gen. Early's account had been made by the First and Sixth Army Corps, Franklin's whole command.

Although Early fought in most of the great battles of the East, his principal service was his campaign in 1864, when he carried the war from the upper Shenandoah Valley to Maryland and came near capturing the city of Washington. Throughout, he displayed great energy, skill, and self-reliance. Stonewall Jackson could not have done better, and, perhaps, never did as much. That with his small force of some 10,000 men, he should have played for so long a time with Sheridan and his army of 40,000 men and have come so near routing the Union forces opposed to him, is a tribute to Early's audacity or evidence of Sheridan's timidity. Early's own explanation is as follows: "The events of the last month had satisfied me that the commander opposed to me was without enterprise and possessed an excessive caution which amounted to timidity." The book is less for the general reader than for students of Civil War history. In appearance it is a credit to the publishers.

The great difficulty in dealing with Catullus in such a publication as the Loeb Classical Library (Macmillan) is to conceal the poet's nastiness without leaving too many hiatuses in the translation. In achieving this feat Mr. F. W. Cornish, who is already experienced in popularizing Catullus, has been very successful. Sometimes a paraphrase conveys the true meaning to those versed in the classical ways of satire and pleasure, while on the surface the words are sufficiently decent. Elsewhere a phrase or a passage is frankly omitted, and the omission indicated by points. A few of the naughtiest poems he has turned over to the general editor, Dr. W. H. D. Rouse, who has exercised on them an extremely nimble wit to good purpose. In all cases the Latin text is complete and intact. In general, Mr. Cornish's English is an excellent medium for those who turn to it for help in reading the Latin. We cannot say that it has independent qualities of a high character. For example, such a phrase as "how many kissings of you" (No. vii) may convey quite accurately the meaning of "quot mihi basiationes tuæ," but it can scarcely be regarded as elegant; nor does the attempt to be poetical seem entirely happy in such a line as "remains to be slept the sleep of one unbroken night."

Tibullus and the "Pervigilium Veneris" are included in the same volume with Catullus, the former being the work of Prof. J. P. Postgate, the latter of Prof. J. W. Mackail. The English version of Tibullus and the poems that pass under his name is thoroughly serviceable, though occasionally the more delicate sentiment of the original is missed. Perhaps the most romantic verse in Latin is that in the *Paraclausithyron*, I, ii, 25:

En ego cum tenebris tota vagor anxius urbe,

which becomes merely feeble and trailing in its English form: "Lo, I in my wanderings in distress through all the city in the dark."

In dealing with the "Pervigilium" Professor Mackail has allowed himself considerable license in amending the text and in arranging it in symmetrical stanzas. His version, too, is liberal, and attempts to convey the romantic tinge of the original. As an example of his cunning work, the first stanza may be quoted:

To-morrow shall be love for the loveless, and for the lover to-morrow shall be love. Spring is young, spring now is singing, spring is the world reborn. In spring the loves make accord, in spring the birds mate, and the woodland loosens her tresses under nuptial showers.
To-morrow shall be love for the loveless, and for the lover to-morrow shall be love.

The refrain may give some offence at first blush for its very free handling of precious words, but we are not sure that the flavor of the original has ever been better conveyed.

Of A. S. Way's Euripides, the third and fourth volumes of which now appear, something has already been said in our notice of the first output of the Loeb Library. The letters which have come to us on the subject, and some of which we have printed, indicate that the weight of opinion is strongly against the use of metrical translations. It seems to us even more important that in future issues of Greek authors a thicker paper should be used, with correspondingly fewer pages to the volume. The interest in the publication is manifestly great, and the consequences may be far-reaching.

"Our Country Life" (McClurg), by Frances Kinsley Hutchinson, is a rapturous

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account of the joys of life as lived at a country house by "the Enthusiast," "the Constant Improver," and their relatives and friends. "The big house" (it replaced a "tiny cottage") is situated on an island in "our dear" Wisconsin lake, which otherwise nameless lake is nine by three miles in extent. So far as one can judge from the numerous reproductions of photographs, the house, together with the surroundings, is unusually attractive and conveniently arranged; to say more would be hazardous, since the author tells us little. Most of the book consists of incoherent chatter about the petty pleasures and large exhilarations that make the author's life in "God's glorious out-of-doors" inexpressibly wonderful, so wonderful, indeed, that she tells us at intervals that her "emotions had risen almost to the breaking point." The burden of the book is, Come to the woods and waters, and feel the peace of nature steal over you; but curiously enough the influence of nature on the author is for the most part highly intoxicating. Thus, sleeping out of doors brings, not repose, but "revelation," in a pseudo-mystical sense. As for the style—one sentence will suffice: "I did so want one yellow bed, for I am afraid I must confess that is my favorite color, and this seemed a reasonable request."

The Rev. Eben Burt Parsons, D.D., for more than twenty years secretary of the faculty and registrar of Williams College, died last week at Williamstown in his seventy-eighth year. Dr. Parsons was the compiler of "The Obituary Record of Williams College."

Science

Among the science books in Dutton's spring list are "The Sheep and its Cousins," by R. Lydekker, and "Medical Benefit in Germany and Denmark," by I. G. Gibbon.

The January number of the *Geographical Journal* opens with a charmingly simple account by Capt. Roald Amundsen of his conquest of the South Pole in 1911. Of one region passed through during the ninety-nine days' journey he says, "I have never seen a landscape more beautiful, more wild, and more imposing." The greatest height reached was 10,750 feet, though mountain peaks 15,000 feet high were seen. The lowest temperature observed was —74.2° Fahr. and the mean temperature for the year —14.8° Fahr. During the twelve months the expedition was on the ice there were only "two moderate storms." "A Geographical Interpretation of Missouri" is the title of an article by Fred. V. Emerson of the University of Missouri, in which he describes, with diagrams and pictures, the three strongly contrasting physiographical divisions of the State. An account of the exploration and survey of the 141st meridian, the International Boundary between Alaska and Canada, is given by Mr. D. H. Nellas, the leader of the survey party, and the natural features and life of Southern Nigeria are described by Mr. A. E. Kitson, for five years principal of the mineral survey of that colony.

Miss Belle Beach, author of "Riding and Driving for Women" (Scribner), is well qualified to speak on this subject. The daughter of a lady who has been an instructor in riding for many New York ladies, she has of course ridden from her childhood, and has herself taught riding for several years. She says modestly: "That which takes me but a moment to tell has taken me years to learn." Her book is the result of her own experience. The reader may not always agree with her, but he will find what she has to say worthy of serious consideration. The volume deals with such topics as Hands, Form in Riding, Riding Astride, Hunting, Show-Ring, Four-in-Hand, Tandem Driving, Bits, Harness, etc. There are a great many pictures which are, as a rule, excellent. We are not of Miss Beach's way of thinking about riding astride, which, as we should expect, she rather disapproves of, nor in what she has to say about docking, which she favors, alleging a number of practical considerations. But we are very sure that people do not dock horses for any other reasons than those of looks. On the question of its inhumanity the author remarks that a long-tailed horse in harness cannot keep off flies with his tail. We do not quite see that. Then she says that a docked horse can be turned out in summer with a sheet on. Very true, but what a nuisance that must be for the horse! Has the author ever ridden or driven a horse in Virginia mountains in October when the first frosts have come? The big horse-fly common in that country, when chilled by the frost, will light on the coat of a horse, and, feeling the warmth, will stick there and bite until the unhappy animal is frantic. In England, it is said that pasture can be got cheaper for docked horses than for long-tailed horses, because they are prevented by flies from eating as much as long-tailed horses. Miss Beach's argument that all horses should be docked because they may be driven as tandem leaders, and tandem leaders behave badly when they get the reins under their tails, does not seem convincing. Not very many horses are driven as tandem leaders. If a tandem leader does get his tail over the reins, the groom can get down and go to his assistance, which he has to do pretty often in any case. Hunters are not docked any longer. And yet the horse to be ridden in the hunt is driven to the meet in the lead of a tandem.

Prof. Charles A. Ellwood's text-book of social psychology, "Sociology in Its Psychological Aspects" (Appleton), is one of the books which suggest that, if economics is the dismal science, sociology must be the dull science. The dismal science makes each of us a cog in a machine; sociology makes us just one of a species. And not only is sociology jealous of the individual; so intent is she upon the biological continuity of man with the lower species, so unmindful of the significance of our self-consciousness, that she deprives even the race of its human distinction. One is not surprised, therefore, that "society" becomes a colorless generality; and sociology an elaboration of empty methodology. Mr. Ellwood fills 123 out of 395 pages with this deadly stuff, while telling us that the time is not yet ripe for a science of sociology—which, being interpreted, seems to mean, If you had a brother would he like cheese? The special purpose of the book, which in a general way is not badly fulfilled, is to exhibit the functional theory of consciousness in its application to social relations. According to this theory, developed chiefly by Professor Dewey upon the basis of James's chapters on Instinct, Emotion, and Will, consciousness is a biological function, the sole purpose of which is to readjust the organism to a change of environment by restoring order among the conflicting instincts; the instincts supplying all the impulses to action. By substituting persons for instincts we get a social organism and a social psychology. One consequence of the theory seems to be that much of what we call culture is a waste product; or at least we do a vast amount of thinking, talking, writing, and the like that we may by chance discover one idea useful for race-conservation. Mr. Ellwood comforts us with the reflection that this is "nature's method" of producing "a superabundance so that actual functional needs will be certain of being met."

But, though Mr. Ellwood also treats this consequence of the theory as one of its "limitations," he fails to ask what other meaning this superabundance may have; and in general his presentation is lacking in firmness of conviction and clearness of outline, perhaps in a sure grasp of the functional theory. Otherwise it is difficult to understand "the large part [*sic*] which instincts play in our social life" (203); or how "the element of instinct seems to dominate more in woman's life than in man's" (236); or why we have in man "no definite, hard and fast instincts, such as characterize the lower animals" (207); or the presence of intellect, feeling, and some other things, *by the side of* instinct. According to James, and according to the logic of the theory, *all* conduct, of men or animals, men or women, has its basis in perfectly definite instincts; human instincts differ from those of the lower animals only in being vastly more numerous; and emotion and reasoning are simply cases of the conflict of instincts.

Drama and Music

E. P. Dutton & Co. have in press "Towards the New Theatre," by E. Gordon Craig.

We have received the following additions to the Tudor Shakespeare (Macmillan), which is prepared under the general supervision of Professors Neilson and Thorndike; "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," edited by Prof. Martin W. Sampson; "Twelfth Night," edited by Prof. Walter Morris Hart; "Measure for Measure," edited by Prof. Edgar C. Morris; "All's Well That Ends Well," edited by Prof. John L. Lowes; "The Taming of the Shrew," edited by Prof. Frederick Tupper, jr.; "Timon of Athens," edited by Prof. Robert Huntington Fletcher, and "Venus and Adonis, The Rape of Lucrece, and other Poems," edited by Prof. Carleton Brown. All are as neatly prepared as their predecessors, and the only sin of the introductions is their brevity. From this charge the last-mentioned volume may be exempted. Professor Brown has discussed the difficult bibliographical questions connected with the Poems with commendable fulness. Professor Sampson, too, has done something towards relating the important personages in "The Two Gentlemen of Ve-

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rona" with the later representatives of their types in Shakespeare. More might properly have been said of Helena, of Katherina, of Isabella, and of Timon. The editors of this edition too often convey the impression of wishing to "play safe" rather than of desiring to relieve the elementary student of his perplexities.

The production of "The New Secretary," in the Lyceum Theatre, afforded a striking illustration of the mischief that may be done to a foreign play by a clumsy adapter and unintelligent stage management. The original French comedy, by Francis de Croisset, has been running in Paris for a twelvemonth, and has been the object of much critical commendation. Dramatically considered, the story—which tells how a highly gifted young secretary rescues his foolish millionaire employer from the clutches of a pair of plausible rascals and wins the heart and hand of a lovely and disdainful heiress by confronting her with a pride greater than her own—is not in itself very valuable. It provides two excellent theatrical situations, but is conventional in design, and not too credible. The success which it has won at home is clearly due to the freshness and vitality of the principal personages and the brightness of the dialogue, qualities which are still perceptible where the English artificer, Cosmo Gordon Lennox, has not departed too far from his original. Unfortunately, it is only at rare intervals that the flat commonplace of Anglicized small talk is relieved by a flash of Gallic wit or cynicism. The first act, which is almost entirely conversational and explanatory, suffers especially from this maladroit interpretation. When the action really begins to excite interest, the poor quality of the dialogue might be of less consequence if it were not for the absurd overemphasis given to it by incompetent performers. Wilson Hummell, to whom is entrusted the important figure of the arrogant, wilful, shallow-pated millionaire, reduces it to burlesque, and destroys the illusion of every scene in which he is concerned. The representatives of some youthful aristocrats are scarcely less conspicuous offenders against propriety and probability. Marie Doro is altogether unequal to the part of the heiress. The excellent work done by other players—Charles Cherry, who acted the hero with admirable spirit and fine tact; Ferdinand Gottschalk, whose swindler was a brilliant bit of eccentric comedy; Mrs. Whiffen, who was delightful as a fond grandmother, and Claude Gillingwater, who was capital in the part of a domesticated cynic—was robbed of half its efficiency by their marplot associates. The net result of the representation was that a clever comedy of modern manners was converted into a nondescript play of third-rate calibre.

Gladys Unger's new play, "The Son and Heir," has started in the London Strand Theatre this week. It was completed two years ago, and the title originally selected for it was "The Eldest Son," but in this choice the author was forestalled by John Galsworthy. Pride of race, or of family, is the subject handled in both pieces, but the treatment is widely different. Miss Unger's protagonist is a bluff, hearty, but narrow-minded country squire, prepared to sacrifice all the remaining members of his family to the son and heir, who sooner or later must fill his place and carry on the old traditions. This is his one aim in life, and it is this policy which, when pushed to an extreme, stirs his eldest daughter to rebellion and an indignant refusal to accept the conditions imposed upon her, her sister, and her long-suffering mother.

"Pearls" is the name of a little one-act "thriller" which the young English dramatist, Stanley Houghton, has written for Arthur Bourchier and Violet Vanbrugh, who are playing it in vaudeville. A fashionable couple just returned to their luxurious apartment—the wife from the opera and the husband from a club—talk of their desperate financial straits. Presently the wife discovers a wonderful pearl necklace which in some way unknown to her has been entangled in her draperies. She is sorely tempted to keep it, but her husband says that the trinket must be returned promptly to the owner, whom he knows. The loss had been reported at his club, he says, and some woman was under suspicion of having stolen it. He is about to start out with the pearls in his pocket when there is a knock at the front door, and, looking out, he recognizes the police. After a few moments of hesitation he resolves to face the music. The door is opened and a policeman enters to say that he has found a kitchen window open.

J. T. Grein has published some details of his plans for the revival of the Independent Theatre in London:

Europe is full of remarkable plays, and there are also a few plays of the old répertoire that deserve revival in 1913, because they will be more appreciated and better understood than in the distant days of the dramatic daybreak of the nineties. Such plays are: De Banville's "Kiss," Edward Brandes's "Visit," van Nouhuys's "Goldfish" (translated by A. Teixeira de Mattos), George Moore's "Strike at Arlingford," Dr. Todhunter's "Black Cat," and Ibsen's "Wild Duck." As for new plays, my quiver is full.

The Comédie Française is proceeding vigorously with its action against M. le Bargy, the well-known actor, who has followed the example of defying its regulations set by Sarah Bernhardt, Coquelin, and others. It has served a fresh notice upon him of his liability to a fine of $400 for each performance, in France, outside the house of Molière, in which he may take part. Nevertheless, he continues to act in "Les Flambeaux," at the Porte St. Martin. The case will come up soon in the courts, and doubtless will attract much public attention. M. le Bargy declares that he would return to the Française if certain abuses in the management were rectified. He complains that the chief performers are continually absent on foreign engagements. It appears, however, that he has been one of the most conspicuous truants. Maurice de Féraudy, one of the oldest associates of the Française, says that the institution is suffering from a glut of sociétaires, and that it will always be in trouble until it gets rid of half of them.

The municipality of Berlin is considering a project for building a large theatre for the working classes on land recently occupied by slums in the very heart of the city. All the slum buildings have been cleared away, and the theatre is to form an architectural centre of the new district which is to be built. The proposal of the Town Council is that the sum of 2,000,000 marks be set apart as a first instalment, to be followed by further sums of three millions, or a total of nearly a million and a quarter dollars. The Society which is to carry out the undertaking pledges itself to build a theatre to seat 2,000, to produce only approved plays, and in the course of every year to give at least ten afternoon performances for school children at a price not to exceed fifteen cents per ticket.

It has been definitely settled that Paderewski is to return to America next season for an extensive tour throughout the country, which will be under the direction of Charles A. Ellis. He has not been in America since the winter of 1908-09, when he spent a few weeks in the East. His principal object in coming to America at that time was to have his Symphony performed by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. He has not made an extended concert tour in America since the season of 1907-08. Since that time he has had a very successful tour in South America, and an equally successful tour in South Africa, while giving many concerts in Great Britain and on the Continent. Paderewski will arrive in America in September, and will open his tour with a series of concerts in Eastern and Western Canada. He will be here until April, and will play in the neighborhood of one hundred concerts. Mr. Ellis has also made arrangements whereby he will have the direction of a season's tour of Fritz Kreisler, the greatest of violinists. He will arrive in America towards the end of October, and stay until spring. Both Mr. Kreisler and Mr. Paderewski will give concerts along the Pacific Slope and in the South, as well as in the Northern and Eastern States. Under Mr. Ellis's management Geraldine Farrar, of the Metropolitan Opera Company, will give a limited number of concerts in October, before the opening of the opera season. These concerts will be given chiefly on the Pacific Coast.

Boston admirers of the late Samuel Coleridge-Taylor, the noted English composer and conductor, have started a movement for a memorial fund as a testimonial to Mrs. Coleridge-Taylor and her children, whose need for help at this time is great. Contributions to the fund for his family may be sent to Mrs. Alexina Carter-Barrell, No. 100 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

"Die toten Augen," or "The Dead Eyes," is the title of a new opera by the famous German composer Eugen d'Albert, which will be produced at the beginning of next season. The text is by Hans Heinz Ewers, and the theme one of poetical sadness. The new work will be staged in one long act. The central figure is that of a blind young Greek woman, who lives on the scene and in the time of Christ's entry into Jerusalem. The New Testament incident forms the background of the whole work. The Saviour himself will not be portrayed in person, His presence being expressed by the music and the phantasy of the work. Touched by the healing hand of Christ, the blind woman regains her sight, and her eyes, filled with the light of love and passion, fall first upon a magnificent Roman, whom she believes to be her husband. Her husband, however, is really a most repulsive

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figure, and it is in giving expression to the conflict of emotions in the woman's heart when she discovers her mistake that the music of the new opera finds its vent. The finale takes place at sunset of the same day. The woman, troubled and disturbed in spirit, stands gazing into the glory of the western sky until she again becomes blind, and with her loss regains her peace of heart.

Cosima Wagner is indefatigable in her efforts to perpetuate the "Parsifal" monopoly at Bayreuth. A dispatch from Berlin dated January 22 stated that Crown Prince William heads the list of signers of a petition which has been presented to the Reichstag asking for the enactment of a special law to extend the copyright of "Parsifal," which expires this year. The Crown Princess is second on the list, and the Imperial Princes follow. The appeal is made on the ground that Wagner wished to have his last work reserved for Bayreuth alone. The strangest thing about the affair is that Frau Wagner and her adherents, who are so very anxious to carry out his wishes in this matter, so thoroughly disregard his other intentions regarding Bayreuth. He strongly deprecated the idea of commercializing Bayreuth—of making money with "Parsifal"; yet that is what his widow does. After the last festival but one she admitted a profit, yet for the next festival she raised the price of seats from $5 to $6 each. It is not likely that the Reichstag will yield her point, for if it did, the result would be that all opera houses in Europe except those in German cities would be able to produce "Parsifal."

Augustus van Biene, who died upon the stage last Thursday at Brighton, England, was a man of decided talent, both as actor and musician. He was born in Holland in 1850, and began life as a street player on the 'cello. In this capacity he attracted the attention of Sir Michael Costa, who encouraged him to develop his natural ability, and found him orchestral employment. In time he became a successful soloist, organized concerts, and at one period was manager of the Gaiety Theatre, in London. In 1892 he made a hit in "The Broken Melody," a sentimental piece of his own composition, in which, as an old musician, he was able to display his skill as composer and instrumentalist. For twenty years he travelled all over the world with this piece, presenting it in regular theatres and—in a condensed form—in music halls. Recently, it appears, he had sought relief from the monotony of his work in a new piece, on the old lines, called "The Musician," and it was in this that he died, with his beloved 'cello in his hands. He was well known in this country.

Gustave Carl Luders, composer of light music, died a week ago at his home in New York City. He was born in Bremen, Germany, in 1865. He studied piano, violin, and composition under Henry Petri, later concertmaster at Dresden, and came to this country in 1888. Mr. Luders's best-known operettas are: "The Burgomaster," "King Dodo," "Prince of Pilsen," "Woodland," "The Shogun," "Mlle. Napoleon," "The Grand Mogul," and "The Old Town." His latest work was "Somewhere Else," produced at the Broadway Theatre only last week, on which occasion he was present in the audience, and, apparently, in good health.

Art

ALMA-TADEMA.

LONDON, January 18.

The Winter Exhibition at Burlington House, instead of being the Academy's winter-garment of repentance, as it was once described, threatens to become the cemetery of dead Academic reputations. When an Academician happens to die in the course of the year, he is eagerly seized upon to replace the old masters—of whom the Academy is tiring—or to share the winter show with them. We have had Leighton and Millais and Watts, the most prominent, and certainly nothing was added to—rather something was taken away from—their fame. Only a year ago it was Abbey who suffered. And now it is Alma-Tadema, and, of all, he comes least well out of the ordeal.

This is not because every effort has not been made to represent him adequately. The collection, which fills four galleries, could scarcely be more representative. The earliest work goes back to his very infancy, and a chalk drawing of foliage, said to have been made when he was but four years old, is so careful and precise that it is difficult to believe it belongs to quite so childish a period. There is a portrait of himself done when he was sixteen, and one of his mother painted a year later. There are pictures belonging to his student days under Gustav Wappers at Antwerp; and pictures that show the influence of Baron Leys, his second and only other master; and pictures, following one another in a long succession, that he exhibited at the Royal Academy, from his coming and settling in England in 1870, down to last year, the year of his death—pictures that won for him popularity and fortune and honors to a degree in which he had few rivals, probably none who survive him, except perhaps Sir Hubert Von Herkomer. The trouble is really that he is too adequately represented. So many of his works hung together reveal most lamentably his weakness and his limitations, while his better qualities are not of the kind to out-balance them.

For his pictures were machine-made; there can be no question of it. It is careful, serious, painstaking machinery—this seriousness was his strong point as a painter—but it was machinery all the same. You have only to look at that little drawing of leaves and blossoms to see that, from the beginning, he spared himself no pains, that he did his work honestly, that he was no charlatan, no lover of short-cuts. The portrait of himself as a youth, seated, his sketching traps on his lap, a curtain and a pillar in the background, shows careful study and observation, though not so much of nature as of the old Dutch portraits that must have been familiar to him. Already an improvement is seen in the small head of his mother, in which, indeed, there is more of an attempt to render the quality of flesh than in many of his more mature portraits. The Corner of a Courtyard in Amsterdam and the Old Staircase at Antwerp, just a little later in date, are full of the same care now applied to architectural subjects, though in neither is there a suggestion of light or atmosphere, in neither anything more than a dull prosaic statement of architectural facts. The motives are those of masters who were his countrymen, but the treatment is without a suggestion of the fine qualities, the fine insight, that transformed the most ordinary material in their hands into a splendor of color and tone, a poem of sunshine and shadow. If the pains Alma-Tadema never spared himself in anything he undertook to do characterize his first performances, so also do the commonplace vision, the mechanical technique, the exchange of nature for statistics, that make this long series of his pictures so terribly monotonous and uninteresting to-day. That he strayed further and still further from nature was not altogether due to his training under Baron Leys, though the master no doubt drew the student's attention more and more to historical subjects, so that from the early sixties he was already preoccupied with Rome and Romans, rather than with Holland and Dutchmen or Belgium and Belgians. The Pyrrhic Dance, A Roman Amateur, Tarquinius Superbus, A Roman Picture Gallery, were the characteristic subjects of these years. But Tadema left to himself would most likely never have seen, as his great countrymen saw before him, the beauty that beautiful paint beautifully applied can give to the simplest, homeliest, things in a painter's daily life. Terborch, Jan Steen, Ver Meer, Metsu, and a host of others had had their imaginations stirred, their brushes inspired, their love of nature and the real awakened, without going further than their own rooms or their own back yards. And they had had modern successors who could prove themselves great painters, and yet retain their love for life as they knew it. Brakeleer, the Belgian, little known if at all out of Belgium, had already developed his way of expressing the beauty and splendor of color and tone; Matthy Maris, Tadema's fellow-countryman and contemporary, was beginning in his early work to reveal himself as the legitimate descendant of the great Dutchmen.

There are in the collection landscapes and portraits of Tadema's maturity which explain his attitude before nature when he was under no obligation to reconstruct, or record, that which he did not know and never could know.

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The landscapes are small in size, notes of a bit of open country, or a few haystacks by a river bank, or a woodland, or a line of red roofs above a distant hedge, and they are all marked by the same commonplace way of looking at things, the same lack of invention, the same absence of air and light and life, the same uninteresting brush-work. And the portraits are as unimaginative, as uninspired, as uninspiring, the pose as a rule as banal as that of the photographer, the costume given in its unredeemed ugliness, and not made beautiful by the expression of the character in its ugliness, the figure never in its envelope of atmosphere, the whole dry, inanimate, flat. Two or three exceptions might be pointed to: The Misses Alma-Tadema as Children, two little girls in white frocks and aprons, a portrait group in which there is more than the usual sense of character and life; the large three-quarter length of Miss Anna Alma-Tadema, too well-known to be described again, hard and tight and frigid, but with a hint of harmony in the arrangement of the grays; and the, I fancy, still better known My Doctor—his brother-in-law, Dr. Washington Epps—sitting by the bedside of the patient of whom nothing is seen save the hand on the white bed clothes, the doctor's fingers on the wrist as he looks down at his watch, the head studied with more, if possible, than Tadema's accustomed care and elaboration. Even with these exceptions, however, the portraits confirm the general impression one brings away of conscientious but dull mechanical workmanship.

If Tadema could rarely suggest life, or see with originality and charm the figures before him, it is not to be expected that he could succeed better with the figures he had never seen and had not the genius to imagine. He impressed the public by his classical subjects, for they seemed, to the unlearned, brimful of learning. He was extolled as a scholar among painters, an artist who made the old world real for us. What he did actually was to search the classical dictionaries and archæological textbooks, and put down his idea of what the classic world, seen through them, must have been. Fortunately for him, the old Roman could not come back to say what he thought of Tadema's baths and forums and temples and amphitheatres, while I am pretty sure, to-day, when Tadema's name has lost a little of its old glamour, I am not alone in thinking that if the classic world and classic life were as he has reconstructed them, then we have reason to be thankful for having lived too late to see them for ourselves. Among his earliest works is The Parthenon at Athens, dated 1869, in which he labored to paint the frieze as he supposed it must have looked when the original color was fresh and vivid on the marble, but if there is in his version a shadow of the truth once claimed for it, one can only marvel how the Greeks ever got their fame as an artistic nation; upon the scaffolding just below the frieze, figures are grouped, and the catalogue explains that they are Phidias, Pericles, Aspasia, Alcibiades, and Socrates. Call them what you will, they have less life than the marbles above. And so it is with all the figures, as you examine one painting after another. Lay figures again form the inanimate procession in his Finding of Moses. And, again, lay figures compose the audience—whom Tadema, in an ecstasy of statistics, declared to number five thousand—and fill the Imperial box in his Caracalla and Geta. Nor is there more life and reality in the smaller pictures: those arrangements of white marble, blue sea and sky, blossoms and costumes which were hailed as Tadema's masterpieces, and which he could not paint fast enough to satisfy his insatiable public. I think in these, really, the commonplaceness of his outlook is the more apparent because he did not disguise it under some Biblical or classical incident or legend. A youth with a ring in his hand, or jewels in a casket, or spring in the blossoms, give the clue to the sentimental anecdote the British public loves, explaining the figures and justifying the marble. And the blue sky above, and the blue sea beyond, and the blue mountains in the distance are reduced to no less obvious conventions. And the white marble, the famous white marble, looks as white marble never looked in the open air where a real sun shines and real shadows fall. These little paintings, praised for their light and their truth, smell as strong of the studio as the big Coliseums or the big Egyptian landscape. Tadema's house in St. John's Wood was, if anything, more notorious than his canvases. The golden stairs, the studio with its treasures, the pseudo-classical rooms, the decorations by the masters of a short day, were for long in everybody's mouth, coloring and magnifying and enriching his reputation. But all put together could not, in the end, serve that reputation so well as one piece of real marble—and not marble evolved from his inner consciousness—studied in real sunlight and not in the atmosphere and light of the most splendidly appointed studio in the world.

I think Tadema himself realized that his greatness was a little dimmed in the eyes of the world before he died. He could sometimes be so bitter that it was clear he heard with apprehension the younger generation of critics and artists knocking at the door. But the least enthusiastic in his regard cannot but be astonished at the way his reputation has vanished since his death. As many of the criticisms of the exhibitions in the leading London papers as I have seen have all been patronizing, if not worse, so much so that already one voice has been heard in protest, calling upon the critics to remember his consummate draughtsmanship and impeccable technique. The adjectives are more than a trifle exaggerated, though it would be folly to deny Tadema's care and conscientiousness as draughtsman and technician. He allowed himself no slovenliness, no indolence. He did not, like those who now excuse themselves as Post-Impressionists, make a virtue of incompetence or save himself trouble and call it expressing his individuality. His drawing was academically correct, if personally inexpressive. He would have scorned the immortal game of bewildering the bourgeois by eccentricity, or of scoring success by sheer accidents. He paid such close attention to the quality of his pigments that his paintings, far from emulating old masterpieces before their time, have preserved almost too much of their original freshness. But care and conscientiousness cannot create genius, even though genius in art has been before now defined as genius for hard work.

N. N.

Mr. Joseph Pennell's lithographs of the Panama Canal, which are now on exhibition at the Sala Leonardo da Vinci in Florence, have been purchased by the Italian Government for the Uffizi Gallery. The Government has also purchased Mr. Pennell's lithographs of the Grand Cañon and the Yosemite.

We have received the first number of a new quarterly, *Art in America*, which is edited by Mr. W. R. Valentiner of the Metropolitan Museum and published by F. F. Sherman. It will be devoted chiefly to objects of art of Mediæval and Renaissance periods owned in America. This first number presents, besides the editor, such distinguished contributors as Dr. Bode, Mr. Berenson, and Professor Marquand. Dr. Bode describes two very early Rembrandts, Tobias and Balaam, one dated 1626. Mr. Berenson associates a small Nativity in the Johnson collection with the style of Pietro Cavallini. Professor Marquand treats of a portrait bust of Francis owned by Mr. George Blumenthal. Mr. Valentiner ascribes the much-discussed Sleeping Cook of the Widener collection to Esaias Boursse, and detects the hand of this little-known Dutch painter in some other half a dozen pictures owned in America. Joseph Breck provides a *catalogue raisonné* of works by Tiepolo in the Metropolitan Museum. Professor Mather ascribes to Matteo da Sienna a splendid pair of *cassone* panels in Mrs. C. P. Huntington's possession, and a similar piece in the collection of the Earl of Crawford, London. Perhaps the most important work of art reproduced in the number is an exquisite Madonna by Carlo Crivelli which has recently been acquired by Mr. Philip Lehman. The picture is briefly discussed by Professor Mather and dated about 1482. This incomplete survey will suggest the scope of the new magazine. Its make-up is somewhat scrappy as yet, but

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if it continues to procure first publication of so many fine works as grace this number, it will be indispensable for all art libraries and serious students. The form is an in-quarto agreeably printed in a single column of clear type. The annual subscription is four dollars.

Among recent acquisitions to the Metropolitan Correggio's canvas of Four Saints is easily the most important. Painted in his twenty-first year it cannot represent the glory of his mature style, yet it is in every way a gracious composition. Since no example of equal importance and quality is ever likely to come into the market, the Museum should be congratulated on an excellent purchase. Two wooden statues, an Annunciation, though crudely repainted, represent a rare and impressive type, dating presumably from the late thirteenth century; the surmise may be hazarded that these are Bavarian sculptures or from some provincial school in north Italy under Bavarian influence. Numerous minor acquisitions in stuffs, pottery, etc., testify to the activity of the Department of Decorative Art. It is a shock to find in the new acquisitions room such thoroughly banal paintings as those by Alexander Harrison and Albert Herter. To be sure these are gifts, but a large part of the business of a great museum is to look such gift horses as these quite fearlessly in the mouth.

Louis De Coppet Bergh, architect, died on Tuesday in Washington. He was born in New York in 1856, and after an education in the public schools, he studied in Europe at the Military Gymnasium, Ostrowo, Prussia; at Lausanne, and at Stuttgart. Returning to New York, he became expert architectural and sanitary adviser to Mayor Strong's City Commission. He was the author of "Safe Building," in two volumes, and "Safe Building Construction."

Finance

THE "INVESTIGATIONS," AND AFTERWARD.

Since the markets quieted down from the particularly agitating financial influences of the summer, there has been somewhat more consideration of the question, just how far the matters which Wall Street financiers have put to the front as causes of disturbance are bound to exert that influence. This is undeniably an era of "inquiries" and "investigations." Commissions to look into something are distinctly the order of the day, and the results of their examinations, as reported in the daily papers, challenge the reader's attention more instantly than anything in the headlines, unless it may be a district attorney's hunt for the identification of the "man higher up"—which, after all, is very much the same sort of thing. But now that the "Money Trust Sub-committee," on whose inquiries public attention has so long been riveted, has closed its investigation and begun to prepare its formal report to the House Banking Committee and to Congress, discussion as to the tangible results of such inquiries in legislation becomes more to the point.

The testimony before a commission, such as the public has become accustomed to, makes several definite appeals to the public interest. It is usually well staged. The witnesses are apt—on occasion, at any rate—to be the men to the story of whose lives the ten and fifteen-cent magazines have been devoting pages. There was a time, for instance, a year or more ago, when three or four publications of that nature were simultaneously depicting Mr. Morgan's career, in serial form, to their respective readers. This testified to the valuation placed on the general topic as "copy" by the editors. Every reflective person knows how much of its vogue and prestige Mr. Thomas W. Lawson's "Frenzied Finance" owed to the notion, prevalent among village statesmen and occupants of city third-floor backs, that its author had been one of the triumvirate (Morgan - Rockefeller - Lawson) which managed the Money Trust and monopolized American finance, but had turned State's evidence against his guilty copartners and was confessing to the public.

What more natural, therefore, than that this public should now, in its simple way, conceive that the criminals were at length actually in the dock with a prosecuting attorney baiting them? The Pujo Committee's counsel himself fell victim to this notion during the early stages of the inquiry; though it is fair to say that the later cross-examinations have pretty much abandoned the Old Bailey method. But the question naturally worries the quiet and impartial watcher: What will be the result when all these investigations are completed?

There is undeniably a timid apprehension, in many quarters of business and finance, that the public and the legislators are hungry for blood; or, to change the metaphor, that they will insist on the present machinery of trade and banking being torn down and rebuilt in accordance with new and sudden happy-thoughts. Nobody, to be sure, has imagined a Terror with high finance to the lamp-post and the guillotine; the revolution which uneasy minds conceive is more like that in which, under the general uproar for a new order of things, the legislators of a certain momentous period were so bent on change for the sake of change that even the names of the months and week-days had to be reformed and the year 1789 became Year I, because there was nothing worth remembering before it. In fact, it must be admitted that the mood of to-day, which induces women of good society to fight in the streets to prove their capacity for the ballot, labor leagues to demand that the employees run their industries and hire their present employers, grave conventions to discuss the plan of Government regulation as to whom one shall or shall not marry, and what sort of children he may have, and even the staid and respectable hotel waiters to indulge in frantic riot, appears on its face to embody a general demand for a world turned upside down.

But the American people have never shown disposition to translate angry demands and denunciation into offhand statute law. After the uproar and excesses of the stump, the cheap magazines, and the penny newspapers, the practical work in matters of the sort is placed where it belongs—in the hands of legislators who must look behind and ahead, who must bear the responsibility for after-effects of what is done to-day, and who are quite well aware that the public which to-day is demanding action will be the first to denounce and punish its representatives at Washington, or Albany, if their precipitate action brings about bad results. It is this sober second thought—such as invariably, in our history, has followed the most frantic demands for parting company with institutions of the past—which may be relied upon in the public measures which follow the present controversies.

We are now on the verge of this second period, when public men must decide, not what to say, but what to do. The moderating influence of this consideration is already visible in Gov. Sulzer's cautious and self-restrained message regarding Stock Exchange reform by legislation—the answer of the responsible executive to the irresponsible newspaper clamor for haphazard innovation in Stock Exchange affairs. It will be visible when, later on, the report of the Money Trust Committee comes formally before Congress; if not in the report itself, at any rate, in the Congressional discussion of it.

This does not mean that nothing will be done to correct or restrain possible abuses in either of the two directions. There will quite conceivably be legislation of the sort. There was such legislation after the searching and sensational life insurance inquiry of 1905. It introduced some much-needed reforms—not through destroying existing institutions, but through squarely prohibiting future misuse of policyholders' funds by Wall Street promoting syndicates. Whatever legislation occurs, as a sequel to the present inquiries, is likely enough to take a leaf from the book of the proposed new corporation laws for New Jersey—which, in response to excited controversy based on the gravest sort of known abuses under the older laws, propose to destroy nothing and to tear down nothing, but to put a stern and positive veto on future recourse to de-

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monstrably evil and dangerous practices which have grown up and flourished under the bad finance and improper corporation laws of the past fourteen years.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adams, John Quincy. Writings. Edited by W. C. Ford. Vol. I, 1779-1796. Macmillan. $3.50 net.
"A Rifleman." The Struggle for Bread: A Reply to "The Great Illusion." Lane. $1.50 net.
Baedeker's Northern Germany, 1913. Scribner. $2.40.
Banning, Kendall. Songs of the Love Unending. Chicago: Brothers of the Book.
Beer, G. L. The Old Colonial System, 1660-1754. Part I, Vols. I and II. Macmillan. $4 net.
Bertram, Paul. The Fifth Trumpet. Lane. $1.25 net.
Black, Mrs. Elmer. A Terminal Market System: New York's Most Urgent Need. Privately printed.
Blundell, Peter. The Finger of Mr. Blee. Lane. $1.25 net.
Bowen, Marjorie. The Quest of Glory. Dutton. $1.35 net.
Bridges, Robert. Poems. (Oxford India paper edition.) Frowde.
Browning's Ring and the Book. Frowde.
Buchanan, Alfred. The Modern Héloïse. Dillingham. $1.25 net.
Clark, A. H. Notes on American Species of Peripatus, with a list of Known Forms. Washington: Smithsonian Institution.
Coleridge, S. T. Poems. Frowde.
Conrad, Joseph. 'Twixt Land and Sea. Doran. $1.25 net.
Cooley, W. F. The Principles of Science: A College Text-book. Holt.
Findlater, M. and J. Crossriggs; Penny Monypenny; Seven Scots Stories. Dutton. $1.35 net, each.
Fouché, Memoirs Relating to. Translated from the French by E. J. Méras. Sturgis & Walton. $1.50 net.
France, Anatole. Jocasta and the Famished Cat. Translation by Agnes Farley. Lane. $1.75 net.
Fyvie, John. The Story of the Borgias. Putnam. $4.50 net.
Godet, Philippe. Frederic Godet (1812-1900). Neuchatel: Attinger Frères.
Goldie, V. The Declension of Henry d'Albiac. Stokes. $1.25 net.
Grierson, Elizabeth. What the Other Children Do. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Grow, Oscar. The Antagonism of Races. Waterloo, Iowa: The Author.
Halifax, Robert. A Slice of Life. Dutton. $1.35 net.
Harris, A. M. Letters to a Young Lawyer. St. Paul: West Pub. Co.
Harrison, Frederic. The Positive Evolution of Religion. Putnam.
Hauptmann, Gerhart. Dramatic Works. Edited by L. Lewisohn. Vol. I, Social Dramas. Huebsch. $1.50 net.
Henderson, E. F. Symbol and Satire in the French Revolution. Putnam.
Hull, Eleanor. The Poem-Book of the Gael: Translations from Irish Gaelic Poetry into English Prose and Verse London: Chatto & Windus.
Ibsen, Sigurd. Human Quintessence. Huebsch. $1.50 net.
Jackson, W. S. Cross Views. Lane. $1.25 net.
Judith, Madame. My Autobiography. Putnam. $3.50 net.
Kropotkin, P. Fields, Factories, and Workshops. New edition, revised. Putnam.
Macaulay, R. The Lee Shore. Doran. $1.25 net.
McDonald, Ronald. Lanchester of Brazenose. Lane. $1.30 net.
Martial, Wit and Wisdom from. Epigrams chosen and done into English, with notes, by A. S. West. London: Priory Press.
Moreau-Vauthier, Charles. The Technique of Painting. Putnam.
Pageant of English Prose. Edited by R. M. Leonard. Frowde.
Parmelee, Maurice. The Science of Human Behavior. Macmillan. $2 net.
Pryce, Richard. Time and the Woman: A Novel. Fenno & Co. $1.25 net.
Reinach, Salomon. Cultes, Mythes et Religions. Tome Quatrième. Paris: Ernest Leroux.
Roberts, Morley. The Private Life of Henry Maitland. Doran. $1.25 net.
Robertson, J. M. The Evolution of States: An Introduction to English Politics. Putnam. $2.50 net.
Schiller, Friedrich. Kabale und Liebe. Edited, with notes, by W. A. Hervey. Holt.
Spearing, H. G. The Childhood of Art, or the Ascent of Man. Putnam.
Spenser, Edmund. Poetical Works. Edited by J. C. Smith and E. de Sélincourt. Frowde.
Squire's Recipes: Being a Reprint of an Odd Little Volume as Done by Kendall Banning. Chicago: Brothers of the Book. $1.
Stevenson, George. Topham's Folly. Lane. $1.30 net.
Stubbs, A. W. The Indian Princess, and Other Poems. Boston: Badger. $1.25 net.
Sypherd, W. O. Handbook of English for Engineers. Chicago: Scott, Foresman.
Thwing, C. F. and C. F. B. The Family. Revised, enlarged edition. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $1.60 net.
Tomkins, F. W. Sunshine on Life's Way. Selections collected by Mrs. W. C. Knowles. Dutton. $1.25 net.
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